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1876  
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# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 1,059—Vol. XLI.]

NEW YORK, JANUARY 15, 1876.

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THE RIVAL FISHERMEN.

U. S. G.—"My first bite with my new bait don't seem to be worth much; the best fish are scared away by it."

J. G. B.—"That fellow has monopolized this pool long enough. He thinks he owns it. His bait looks big, but no good fish will swallow it. I reckon that I have something more taking here in my basket."

Mr. Blaine's Resolution, December 14th, proposed an amendment to the Constitution, providing that no State shall make any law respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, and that no money raised by taxation in any State for the support of the public schools, or derived from any public fund therefor, or any public lands devoted thereto, shall ever be under the control of any religious sect, and that no money or lands so devoted shall be divided among religious sects or denominations.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.  
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 15, 1876.

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BY

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The reputation of its author, Mr. JOHN ESTEN COOKE, of Virginia, has been too well established by the success of his numerous previous productions to need here anything more than mentioning the titles of his "Virginian Comedians," "Henry St. John, Gentleman," and "Surry of Eagle's Nest," in justification of his pre-eminent claims as an American novelist. These claims are strengthened by his present work "CARY OF HUNSDON," which is replete with popular interest, and, moreover, is singularly opportune in view of the Revolutionary Associations of our coming Centennial Year.

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OUR SUPPLEMENT.

THE large and splendid engraving which we give away with the present number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER needs no encomium from us. At a glance its conspicuous merits will be recognized by all, and especially by those who are aware of the enormous expense of thought, labor, time and money involved in the production of such an unexampled proof of progress in the art of wood-engraving. The size, the minute accuracy and the powerful general effect of this Bird's-eye View of Philadelphia—its Streets, Avenues and Public Buildings—and of the Buildings on the Centennial Grounds in Fairmount Park,

command special attention. They attest both the abundance of our resources for this difficult kind of work and our fixed determination to achieve and perfect it.

Our four-page supplemental Engraving was drawn upon a block consisting of seventy-two pieces, and 19½ inches x 24½ in dimensions. After the general design had been determined, it was requisite to lay down with precision the course of each street and avenue, and of the Delaware and Schuylkill Rivers, and to insert in their respective localities the various public buildings, within the city and on the Centennial Grounds, according to numberless sketches and photographs previously taken. When the entire drawing was completed, fifty engravers concentrated their efforts upon the block, separated into its different pieces, and they annihilated time by their swift co-operation in preparing it for the press. It is said that Bartholomew Columbus was the first to introduce maps and charts into England. How amazed would he be could he arise from the grave and witness in our engraving—which offers at once a map and a picture of Philadelphia, one of the many mighty cities of the New World wilderness discovered by his brother Christopher—an illustration of the marvelous growth of his own art and of civilization!

THE RETURN TO BARBARISM.

WE ventured the remark some weeks ago that under the long domination of the Republican Party in South Carolina the problem of reconstructing civil society in that State had become hardly less difficult than the same problem would be to-day in the African kingdom of Dahomey. It is possible that the observation may at the time have seemed to some of our readers more antithetical than just, but few, we opine, in the presence of the recent events which have come to afflict and annoy that prostrate commonwealth, will be longer tempted to question its exact and literal truth.

The election of W. J. Whipper, a degraded negro of South Carolina, and of F. J. Moses, Jr., a still more disreputable white man of that State, as Judges of the First and Third Circuit Courts—the most important Courts in the State—is one of those events which can hardly fail to photograph the political situation which has been created for that peeled and stricken community by the "advice and consent" of the Republican Party. We are told that the people of South Carolina purpose to resist the induction of these miscreants into their high judicial offices by securing the indictment of the one (Whipper) for an embezzlement of the sinking fund of the State, and of the other (Moses) for his implication in what is known in South Carolina politics as "the Humbert steal"—the politics of South Carolina having for some years principally turned on larcenies simple, grand, mixed and petit, according to the opportunities and audacities of the colored "statesmen" who sway the destinies of the Palmetto State.

The spectacle of Judges deprived of the judicial ermine that was about to descend on their shoulders, by being prematurely thrust into the prisoner's dock, is certainly not an edifying one, but the political naïveté affected by the New York Times, when it blandly asks why these traders in South Carolina politics have not before been put on trial for their peculations, is not a whit more calculated to make for the popular edification. Everybody knows (at least outside of the Times office) that for long years in South Carolina judgment—to use the strong but appropriate language of the Scriptures—"has been turned away backward, and justice standeth afar off, for truth is fallen in the street, and equity cannot enter."

We can readily concur with our Republican contemporary when, referring to the latest exhibition of the way in which they "fix things" in South Carolina "without regard to race, color, or previous condition of servitude," it says that the whole business "is a very disgusting muddle"; but we cannot agree with the Republican organ when it urges that "politics seem to have very little to do with the matter." This "disgusting muddle" is nothing more than the legitimate outcome of the Republican policy pursued at the South, wherever that policy has had free course to run and fortify itself.

The people of Charleston, as recently assembled, without distinction of party, to take counsel with each other in this grave emergency, do not share in the mealy-mouthed analysis with which the New York journal would fain delude its own candor and confuse the moral perceptions of its readers. In their published address to the people of the State, and of the country, they say:

"This action is not in itself the full measure of the evil that confronts us. Bad as it is, its graver aspect is in what it signifies. We recognize in the recent judicial elections the ascendancy and control of the worst elements of the political party which governs the State. . . . It is our first duty as citizens to whom the character and future of the State is dear, earnestly and solemnly to protest against the action of those who have not only brought reproach upon their own party, but have endangered the very foundations of our social fabric, and to use

every means to wrest from them the power which they have so wantonly abused."

While the people of South Carolina are uttering these pathetic cries in the ears of their countrymen, the righteous soul of Senator Morton is vexed within himself by the rumor of "intimidation" and "outrages" committed on the elective franchise of colored citizens in the last election held in the State of Mississippi. He does not deign to explain under what clause of the Constitution it is that he claims for the Senate a right to inquire into the conduct of a State election, which, so far as the Senate is yet concerned, does not give it any more jurisdiction in the premises than it would have over the last election in the State of New York, and at the instance of Democratic clamor the Senate would be slow to enter on a similar investigation into the causes which reduced the Democratic majority in this State. If, however, it be assumed, for the purposes of argument, that the Senate may, on its own mere motion, rightfully initiate an investigation of this kind into the domestic affairs of one of the States, then it is to be hoped that the Indiana "Tribune of the People," in the office which he has imposed on himself, and which he seeks to impose on the Senate, will make his investigation as broad in its scope as the evils which his party has caused in the South are widespread. But a few weeks ago we were congratulating ourselves on the fact, as we then thought, that the noisome and destructive political volcano which has so long convulsed the fabric of society in the South had well-nigh spent its force, but Mr. Morton intends that it shall cast up mire and dirt in Mississippi, and this latest eruption of Republican violence in South Carolina has opportunely come to point the moral and adorn the tale of the Republican ascendancy he wishes to manufacture in the reconstructed States.

The people of Charleston have touched the core of this great political gangrene when they say that it threatens the very existence of civil society at the South. African colonization in Liberia was long resisted by the proslavery politicians of the South, on the alleged ground that the negro, if left to himself among the savage tribes of Africa, would eventually relapse into barbarism. The bitter experiment of a negro republic in South Carolina is to-day the strongest confirmation of that proslavery scoff which the world has ever seen, for under the lead of their Republican guides and managers the negroes of that State have relapsed into a barbarism worse than any ever predicted even by the zealots of slavery.

And what shall be said of the political influences which have wrought in the South Carolina freedmen a more rapid demoralization and debasement than could have come from contact with the native Grebo or the Hottentot amid the wilds of Africa?

CO-OPERATIVE HOMES.

A DISPOSITION is manifested in several quarters to signalize the new year in a practical manner, by making a thorough experiment in co-operative housekeeping. Snug little cottages in the suburbs will answer well enough for those whose business will allow them to go out town of every afternoon. Rich men can accommodate themselves in Winter with brown-stone mansions on the avenues, and with a suite of rooms at Saratoga in Summer. Neighboring cities of smaller dimensions than New York absorb a certain proportion of those who earn their livelihood in the great metropolis. There remains, however, a certain quota of the population whose incomes are limited, but whose ideas of comfort are somewhat extravagant. They cannot endure the species of existence which the boarding-house offers, and they are unable to pay the rent of such private houses as would suit them. What are they to do? A home they must and will have, and one, also, that is suited to their purse. Will a co-operative household answer their purpose?

Nothing that has yet been tried will fairly come up to the ideal household. In fact, it may be said with entire truth that such experiments as have been made were partial and one-sided. They were designed to affect the sale or renting of certain pieces of property, rather than to advance the welfare and comfort of the masses, and any experiment that is to be successful must keep this latter point in view, and make it always prominent. The boarding-house is a step away from the idea of co-operation, because it is, after all, but an inn for the accommodation of permanent guests. The French flat system is liable to the same objection. The household is one that is gathered together by chance, and held in temporary unity only by the chain of a common misfortune of homelessness. In order to bring about some better way of living, there must be a plan and system which shall be adapted to certain specific results. A household implies a confederated unity, and a home means just as much more of unity as can be brought about in a colony of strangers. It is by no means impossible that a co-operative home may be made a complete success, while such is the dire need of a well-managed move in this direction, that the pecuniary profit of such a venture promises to be immense.

Various plans of operations have been proposed. In order to try the experiment at all

on a large scale, and thus to give it the amplest scope for proving its practicability or otherwise, it has been suggested that an entire block of houses might be taken and converted into suites of rooms and flats adapted to large or small families. Into these buildings a colony of persons of similar tastes would move, gathering to themselves other tenants of their own selection. Here would be the foundation of unity and harmony. Each family would have its own private parlor, and all other rooms necessary for its household economy. A kitchen would, of course, be one of the accompaniments, but it might be used to any extent desired, since there would be a large kitchen common to the entire household, and furnishing meals to those who preferred a public table. A common kitchen and laundry would offer great advantages of economy, if not of comfort. Their existence would also have a great tendency to abate what is known as the "servant-girl nuisance." Where the occupants of a suite of rooms made use of the public kitchen, laundry and dining-room, there would be little need of a servant except for an hour or two in the morning, to sweep out the apartments and put everything in order. A child could do whatever else should become necessary in the course of the day, or the domestic could return for another hour in the afternoon or evening, to see that nothing was lacking. This part of the programme is fairly dazzling with its utopia of emancipation from the rule of the modern servant.

This plan also contemplates the occupation of one of the central houses for general reception purposes. There would be a great drawing-room for receptions and entertainments, a library with its conveniences of books of reference, newspapers and stationery, and smaller rooms for the entertainment of casual visitors whom one would not want to receive in private. Here, then, a person would have all the advantages of public society and of privacy, of a home and of a hotel, of economy of space and yet of housekeeping on a grand scale. This, it would seem, is the plan that comes the nearest to realizing the ideal of a co-operative home. The trouble with previous experiments in the same line has been that they have simply contemplated the keeping of a boarding-house on a large scale, and while avoiding some of the discomforts of the ordinary caravansary, accomplished nothing for home and society. The American is a social being, and while dwelling in the wilderness of a great city, he would be glad to gather some of his friends under a common roof, and at the same time he has something of his English forefathers' love for his own home as his castle. The problem of satisfying himself on both of these points at once is difficult and needs delicate adjustment. Co-operative housekeeping is intended, however, to solve this hard problem. The most imperative social need of the hour is more homes for the people. Rents are amazingly high, but in the unity of small capitalists there is strength enough to meet this difficulty.

The plan that we have spoken of is only one of many that have been proposed from time to time, but it seems to have the merit of meeting almost all points of the case. As the problem is presented to the public, it is many-sided, and every phase of the matter needs to be taken into consideration. Those unfortunates who have large families and limited incomes, and who are compelled to make their home in the city, find themselves year by year more absolutely driven to make choice between the discomforts of a boarding-house and the din and turmoil of a tenement. As they look around upon the circle of little ones from whom the light of an old-time home is vanishing, they ask themselves with desperate emphasis whether they cannot compel the future to give them a hearthstone of their own. Notwithstanding the fabulous prices of city real estate, this seems to be a question which they must answer for themselves. That which will not probably be attempted by any one capitalist may be brought about by a union of persons with small incomes for a common purpose. To them it must certainly appear that the experiment is well worth making. The general public also will look upon the matter with interest. They prick up their ears at the mere mention of the word home, because society feels that its chief safeguard is in the integrity of the family circle. Single homes may be, and undoubtedly are, best of all, but the co-operative home is better than the wretched existence of the wandering Arabs of tenement and boarding-houses. Thus the crusade stands at present. The interest already manifested promises practical action in the year that is just dawning upon us.

THE CHICAGO WHISKY SEIZURES.

THE event of the past week was the successful raid made upon the Chicago distillers. Planned with consummate skill, it was carried out with a promptitude and ability which reflect the highest credit on the Government officials. No such seizure has before been made. Eight different establishments, engaged either in the distillation or rectifying of spirits, and representing a money value of one million of dollars, were seized on the same day. It is no longer to be denied that the Government is doing its duty in the matter of "crooked whisky." The question



which puzzles most people now is—Why were not those seizures made years ago?

It is abundantly clear that these whisky rings have existed for several years, and that they have been defrauding the Government to the extent of millions annually. It is not for a moment to be doubted that many men in high position, city and State officials, members of State Assemblies and members of Congress, Judges on the bench and high Government officials, have made themselves rich by this species of public plunder. That such a state of things should have existed, and for so long a time, is the reverse of creditable to our Government. The St. Louis exposures have made it plain that Government officials, men high in the confidence of the President, were not only fully aware of the existence of these fraudulent whisky rings, but were reaping pecuniary benefit therefrom. The St. Louis affair was bad; but these Chicago arrests are suggestive of widespread, even universal, corruption.

We are unwilling to blame any one without cause. We should be sorry to learn that the chain of evidence which is gradually being completed in any way implicated President Grant himself. It would be a national disgrace. If it should be proved that his hands are clean, that he has neither pocketed the ill-gotten gain nor been privy to the iniquity, it will still be difficult to hold him as altogether guiltless. It will be small excuse to say that he has been badly served, that his goodness has been ill-requited and that he has been betrayed by ungrateful and unprincipled subordinates. To mean well is not the only, or even the principal, duty of the Executive head of a great nation. He must do well. It is well that his purpose should be good, but it is all important that his ability to execute be equal to his intention. President Grant may not in any way be implicated in these Whisky Ring frauds, but he cannot escape the evil consequences brought about by the wicked conduct of the men of his own appointment to office. The Government has sinned, and sinned most heinously, and for the sins of the Government President Grant must bear his full share of responsibility.

President Grant has very skillfully arranged matters with a view to making himself indispensable to the people for another four years. He has identified himself with the school question—a question which more than any other comes home to the national heart. He has two first-class cards to play in possible Cuban intervention, and Mexican annexation. He has been regarded for some time past as the strongest man by far in the ranks of the Republican Party. Strong as he is, however, and great as are his opportunities, it will not be at all wonderful if these Whisky Ring exposures should render his nomination for re-election an impossibility. If President Grant has been unwilling or unable to put down this dreadful monster Corruption, which has been eating out the very vitals of the nation, it is time for him to retire and give place to others. The people have too long tolerated the iniquities of a brood of harpies who have been fattening on public plunder. Let the people arise and cast them out utterly. All the evils of which we now complain would be confirmed and perpetuated in aggravated form by the continuance in power of President Grant and his minions.

#### THE CELLULOID INDUSTRY.

THE invention of the material known as celluloid has not only placed a new word in the dictionary, but has produced a revolution in many branches of industrial art. The word "celluloid" takes its name from cellulose, the chemical designation applied to the walls of the cells of vegetable fibre, and the Greek adjective *oidos*, signifying that which bears a resemblance to something else. The term was devised by the inventors, and appropriately describes the original composition of the material.

The material is composed of nitro-cellulose—that is, cellulose treated with a mixture of vitriol and nitric acid and gum camphor, together with such pigments for coloring matter as are appropriate to the production of different kinds of celluloid. The process of production is patented, and is therefore no secret. In brief, the process consists in reducing the nitro-cellulose to a firm pulp, and mingling therewith thirty or forty per centum of finely pulverized gum-camphor, with suitable proportions of coloring agents, and subjecting the compound to immense pressure in a heated receptacle. The operation is peculiar and novel. When the heat has reduced the camphor to a liquid, the nitro-cellulose enters into combination with it, transforming its particles from their fibrous condition into a homogeneous one, modified by the camphor, the resultant being a fine, closely-compacted, beautiful mass bearing the name which heads this article.

The physical characteristics of this material are such as to enable it to be successfully applied to a vast variety of industries. In appearance, it is made to resemble ivory, jet, coral, amber, malachite, tortoise-shell, turquoise, or various other productions of nature. When thoroughly dried it is nearly as hard as ivory, but is much more durable, inasmuch as it is impervious to water, oils, dilute acids, and the common

liquids. Atmospheric influences have no effect upon it. Possessing great strength and toughness, it far surpasses vulcanite or hard-rubber in these respects. It is combustible in a sense similar to that of pitch-pine, sealing-wax, hard-rubber, and many other manufactured products, but possesses no peculiar dangers beyond this point. Owing to the nature of the material of which it is composed, it is readily formed into various shapes, either by turning or cutting, or by pressure in heated molds.

From this brief analysis it will be readily seen that the field of industrial labor to be occupied by this new material is very large. Its range of uses may readily be imagined, from a consideration of its characteristics and from a survey of the revolutions it has already effected in manufacturing circles. It has been applied with entire success to the production of jewelry, handles for table cutlery, plates for artificial teeth, backs of toilet-brushes, combs, pencil-cases, trimming for harness, frames for eye-glasses, etc. The manufacture of an imitation of coral has been carried to such a pitch of perfection, that even experts among importers have been deceived. Yet it is hardly fair to call it an imitation, since no pretense is made that the jewelry is other than celluloid, though the resemblance to coral is absolutely perfect. Apparently there is no limit to the purposes to which it may be applied. Its indestructibility adds largely to its value. The most recent application of the material is to burial caskets, it being conceded that a coffin made of this material would last for centuries. The only trouble is, that it would prove so expensive as to be a rare luxury.

Celluloid was invented in 1870 by the brothers Hyatt, who at that time resided in Albany, but are now established at Newark. They had been prominent newspaper-men at the West for twenty years previously, but abandoned the "fourth estate" for the more promising field offered by their patent. Yet the invention was not a mere lucky discovery, but was the result of patient and laborious effort and experimentation. The inventors knew of the existence of solidified collodion, which results from dissolving a species of gun-cotton in ether and alcohol, and then evaporating the solvents. But all attempts to make this substance practically useful in the arts (except in photography) had failed, on account of the great waste of expensive solvents, and the difficulty of producing it in large masses and in uniformity of quality. Still, solid collodion seemed to be so desirable a product for many uses, that the inventors bent their energies to so improve the process of manufacture as to bring it within a wide range of application. In this effort they succeeded better even than they dared to hope, celluloid being different in structure from solid collodion, and adapted to a much greater variety of uses than the latter could be, even if its manufacture were practicable.

Looking upon the results attained in the manufacture of celluloid, it would appear that there is no natural material now in use whose place cannot be supplied by artificial production. The material in question is a sufficient substitute for ivory, coral, amber, tortoise-shell, turquoise, and numerous other articles, that grow more rare and expensive with each year's consumption. The invention affords another example of the alertness of the American brain, and the indefatigability and comprehensiveness of Yankee ingenuity.

#### GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK

ENDING JANUARY 1, 1876.

Monday.....112½ @ 112½	Thursday.....112½ @ 113
Tuesday.....112½ @ 113	Friday.....112½ @ 113½
Wednesday.....113	Saturday.....(Holiday.)

**TURKISH REFORM** has a surer promise in the latest project of connecting Constantinople with Vienna by railway than all the guarantees of the Porte would afford.

**THE BRITISH ADMIRALTY** has issued a new circular which deals with the slave question as unsatisfactorily to the British people as the first one.

**THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY** finished its work on the last day of 1875, and was dissolved after having encountered extraordinary difficulties, notwithstanding which it has—if the French people are true to themselves—established the Republic.

**OUR CENTENNIAL YEAR** was duly ushered in everywhere throughout the land with all possible demonstrations of national joy and pride. Even the quiet city of Brotherly Love broke forth into noisier exultation than had ever accompanied any of its celebrations of the Fourth of July.

**BISMARCK** persists in his policy of vigorously enforcing the ecclesiastical laws of the German Empire, and now a Roman Catholic bishop is in prison serving out a sentence for having violated them. All this looks so much like persecution that it is not difficult to predict more harm will come from it to the Empire than to the Vatican.

**THE BUFFALOES** are doomed, according to the report on the geology and resources of the region of the thirty-ninth parallel, from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains, by Mr. Dowson, who says: "From what I could learn, I believe that at the present rate of extermination twelve to fourteen years will see the destruction of what now remains of the great northern band of buffalo, and the termination of the trade in robes and pemican, in so far as regards the country north of the Missouri River."

**OPERATIC MUSIC** has not been utterly banished from New York city, after all. Mme. Titiens, it is announced, will begin at the Academy of Music, January 24th, with "Norma," a short series of lyric representations. And we are happy to add that Miss Adelaide Philipps, and her sister, Miss Matilda Philipps, who have lately been giving operas in the South and West, will visit our city early in February, and give a season of two weeks.

**THE MOST UNPROVOKED MURDER** which has lately been recorded in our criminal annals was that of John B. Dillaber by Romain Dillon, on the evening of December 31st, at the Westminster Hotel, where both parties had been living. Since the arrest of Dillon, it is said that he was regarded by the servants of the hotel as "very eccentric," and an insanity plea may yet be built up on even this slight foundation. In that case, as in all cases where the insanity plea is offered, we hope that if it be proven sufficiently to make a jury shrink from bringing in a verdict of guilty, the Court will not hesitate to condemn the "very eccentric" murderer to confinement for life either in prison or in a lunatic asylum.

**CUBAN INTERVENTION.**—It is now no longer a matter of mere rumor that President Grant seriously contemplates intervention in the affairs of Cuba. As is usual with him in matters of this kind, he has gone about the business with a will and a purpose. American Ministers in Europe have been instructed to ascertain the views of the Governments to which they are respectively accredited. It is understood that from some of the Governments replies have been received favoring intervention. As yet no reply has been had from the Government of Great Britain; and it is extremely improbable that for the present at least Great Britain will in any way commit herself in the matter. It is no doubt desirable that bloodshed in Cuba should cease. Spanish butchery in that island has become an offense to the world at large. It is questionable, however, whether President Grant will get credit for humane motives. The cry is already raised against him, and he is openly accused of adopting this course towards the Cubans for no other or nobler purpose than to strengthen his position before the country in view of his nomination for the Third Term. The President, we fear, has made a blunder in assuming so much responsibility without the consent of Congress. His course of conduct does seem to violate the principle of what is known as the "Monroe Doctrine." The whole matter will, no doubt, be brought before Congress; and it will not be at all wonderful if this appeal to the European Governments should be found to weaken rather than strengthen his position before the country. Intervention in the affairs of Cuba is scarcely possible without involving us in war with Spain. It is doubtful whether American sympathy for the suffering Cubans is strong enough to endure—especially in this Centennial year—the strain of a costly war.

**POLITICS AND RELIGION.**—There is no longer a doubt that the next Presidential campaign is to be signalized by the development of religious passions and prejudices as an element of power by one of the parties. The American people need not be told that this policy means arson and bloodshed, for religion and politics can be no more safely conjoined than fire and gunpowder. The last attempt, during the brief but fatal day of the Know-Nothings, was conclusive on this point. Yet to this entertainment Mr. Grant and followers invite us once again. We do not blame Mr. Grant so much as we do his followers. In his inordinate vanity, he really believes his continuance in power essential to the continued prosperity of the nation, but his followers are actuated only by a greed for the petty spoils of office. We are very sorry to be obliged to regard Bishop Haven as the ringleader and chief offender among the reckless and unprincipled followers of our dishonored chief magistrate. But the persistency of this man deprives him of all title to leniency. Every day he becomes more brazen in his partisanship. But for his powerful constituency his assertions would excite only inextinguishable laughter. He now more than intimates that the deaths of Greeley, Chase and Wilson were the consequence of their antagonism to the third term, Grant being a providential man, and all opposition to him being a capital offense. So it seems that this, our Protestant Pope, has revived the exploded "divine right" doctrine of European monarchs for the benefit of the Great Smoker of the White House. Still, the Bishop is no fool, and though ostensibly he addresses this stuff to the American people generally, it is really intended only for the colored voters of the reconstructed States. Poor Sambo will swallow it all, and in abject dread of the Mumbo Jumbo imposed on him as a faithful effigy of the Pope of Rome, will eagerly vote on "Massa Grant," who is to save him from being swallowed up alive by the transmarine monster inhabiting the Vatican. Whether the white voters of the North will follow contentedly in the trail of "Massa Sambo" remains to be seen.

**DÉJAZET.**—All the European pictorial journals by the last steamer abound in portraits of Virginie Déjazet. If the death of Garrick "eclipsed the gayety of nations," that of this incomparable little woman, which took place in Paris, December 1st, might well have saddened the lovers of dramatic art throughout the world. The news, too, was to them a painful surprise, for Déjazet always appeared so full of vivacity, vitality, gayety, *verve*, *entrain* and *chic*, that we all really came to believe that she had discovered the *fontaine de jouvence*, and bore a charmed life. Her artistic career was marvelous, having lasted seventy-two years without any perceptible diminution of her powers to the last. Certainly she never played *Monsieur Garat* better than she did last Winter, on the occasion of her benefit, the most successful ever recorded in the annals of the stage. She created a type which dies with the breath that gave it vitality; Richelieu, Lauzun, and all the elegant and worthless, but entertaining, *roués* of the Regency and reign of Louis XV. died again when Déjazet ceased to exist. Most English or American actresses who have, like Déjazet, essayed masculine parts, have done so with the view

of enhancing and emphasizing characteristic feminine charms, but Déjazet and her imitators transformed themselves into brilliant young men, and might have passed as such under the Argus-eyes of the Parisian police, supposing they had assumed the disguise from necessity. Déjazet's specialty required, in addition to the usual accomplishments of an actress, those of a finished light comedian of the other sex. It was necessary that she should be a good dancer and singer and a mistress of the sword, able to hold a *fleuret* against a *maître d'armes*, and she did so, and for seventy-two years nightly danced, sang, dined, flirted and fought to the admiration of the most brilliant capitals of Europe. Many of her delineations were more than amusing sketches—they were historical portraits, living masterpieces of a by-gone civilization. So much for the artist. She was also as witty as Sophie Arnould, and wrote letters which Madame de Sévigné would not have hesitated to sign. Above all, she was boundlessly generous. She was lavish not only of her money, but of her time, of the painfully-gathered fruits of her experience. She was always ready to come to the aid of young artists, and to smooth the pathway of their professional career. If a tenth part of those she had befriended attended her funeral, it must have been the largest Paris ever knew.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### DOMESTIC.

**PRESIDENT GRANT** ordered a small military force sent to support the Deputy Collector in Mississippi.

The anniversary of the Battle of Trenton, N. J., was celebrated on the 25th ult. by a sham battle and social festivities.

The umpire in the Mexican Claims Commission, Sir Edward Thornton, awarded the sum of \$683,000, in gold, to the La Abra Silver Mining Company, an American corporation.

It was discovered that Joseph Bork, Treasurer of the City of Buffalo, was a defaulter to the extent of \$300,000, and a search for him revealed the fact that he had fled to Canada.

A COMMITTEE appointed by the Alabama Legislature to investigate the method by which George C. Spencer gained a seat in the United States Senate, reported the influence of gross corruption.

GOVERNOR TILDEN'S Canal Commission submitted their twelfth report, dealing with Auditor Thayer. Upon its reception the Governor suspended Mr. Thayer, and appointed George W. Schuyler, of Tompkins County, in his stead.

By the arrival of the German steamer *Sutler*, which was supposed to have a case of dynamite on board, the survivors of the *Deutschland* horror were restored to their friends, and full particulars of the *Mosel* explosion given to the public.

The opening of the Centennial year was celebrated with such a banging of cannon, screeching of whistles, pealing of fire, factory and church bells, as had never before been heard. The rocket and illumination were general throughout the country.

It was decided to postpone the Advisory Council of Plymouth Church, and unite with Mrs. Moulton in the call for a mutual council. A suit for malicious prosecution, with damages laid at \$50,000, was instituted by Francis D. Moulton against Henry Ward Beecher.

MAYOR WICKHAM of New York removed Police Commissioners Disbcker and Matsell, and, receiving the Governor's approval, appointed Joel B. Erhardt and De Witt C. Wheeler to the vacancies. Upon the reorganization of the Board General Smith was elected President.

##### FOREIGN.

KING ALFONSO promulgated a decree convoking the Spanish Cortes for February 15th.

The British troops have been victorious in all engagements with the insurgent Malays.

It is rumored that the difficulty between Holland and Venezuela is in a fair way of diplomatic settlement.

The statue of the First Napoleon was restored to the summit of the Vendôme Column without ceremony.

GENERAL JOVELLAR, the successor of Valmeseda, Captain-General of Cuba, is assured of a most cordial reception at Havana.

A PERMANENT COMMITTEE, consisting of thirteen members of the left and twelve of the Right, was chosen in the French Assembly.

The challenge of the New York Rifle Association to take part in a match at Philadelphia this Summer was accepted by the National Association of Great Britain.

THE Catholic Bishop of Gnesen and Posen was arrested and conveyed to prison to serve out a sentence of six months' imprisonment for violation of the Faulk Ecclesiastical law.

EX-PRESIDENT THIES published a letter reserving the right to choose between the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, in case he should be elected to both houses, as is very probable.

PARTICULARS were received of a severe hurricane that swept over the Philippine Islands, in the Indian Archipelago, on the 30th of November, causing a loss of 250 lives and the destruction of 3,800 buildings.

MUCH surprise was expressed that the Austrian scheme for the pacification of the Turkish troubles had not been presented to the Great Powers, and that negotiations have been opened between Austria and Russia upon some disputed points.

A VIGOROUS bombardment of Hernani was made by the Carlists. General Moriones, the hero of the Army of the North, and the officer who first proclaimed Alfonso King of Spain, arrived at San Sebastian to resume active operations.

TWO VERY important dispatches were received concerning the Cuban complications. One from Madrid announced that Spain would address a communication to the Great Powers on the subject; the other, from London, asserted that the American Minister had sent an official note to the British Government to test its views, and that a definite answer would be deferred for the present.

#### OBITUARY.

DECEMBER 27th.—At Quincy, Ill., the Hon. W. A. Richardson, ex-member of Congress, ex-Governor of Nebraska, and the successor in the Senate of Stephen A. Douglas, aged 64.

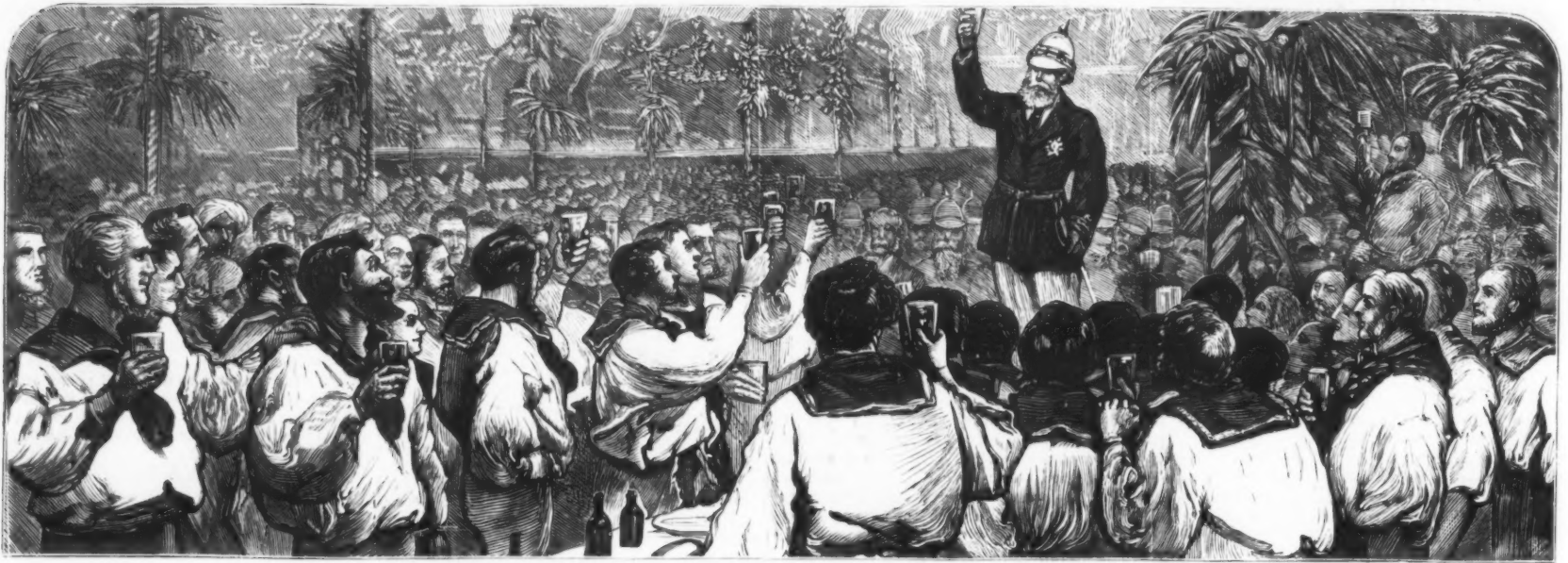
28th.—At Richmond, Staten Island, the Rev. Henry Boehm, supposed to be the oldest minister in the world, aged 100 years and six months.

JANUARY 1st.—At Auburn, N. Y., the Rev. Dr. J. B. Condit, Professor Emeritus of the Theological Seminary, aged 68.

2d.—At New Bedford, the Hon. John H. Clifford, ex-Governor of Massachusetts, aged 66.



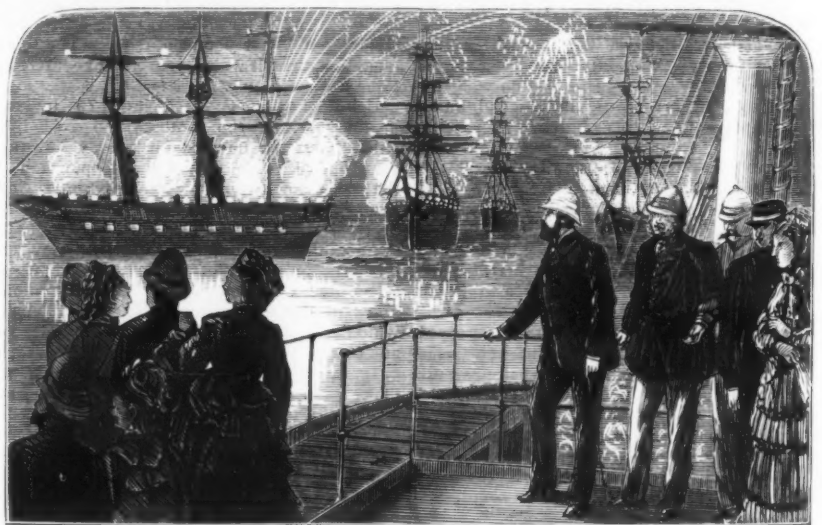
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 303.



VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO INDIA.—THE BANQUET TO TWO THOUSAND SAILORS OF THE FLEET.



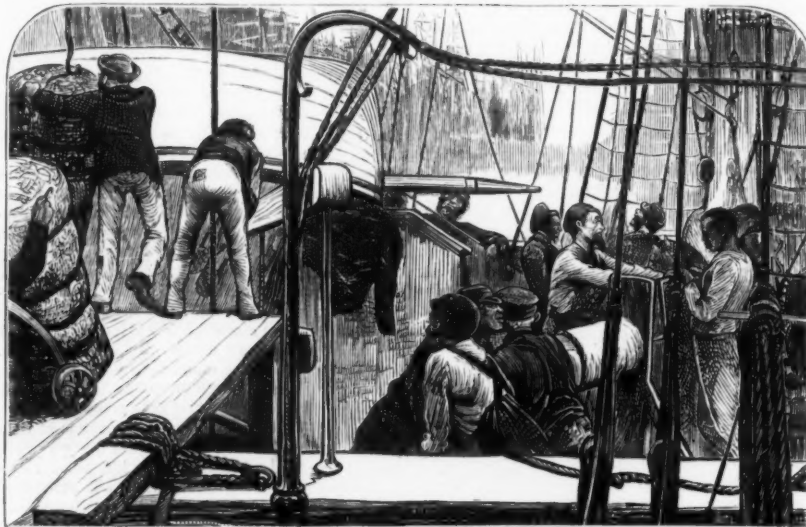
ENGLAND.—FANCY DRESS BALL OF THE POLO CLUB IN THE ROYAL PAVILION, AT BRIGHTON.



VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO INDIA.—THE PRINCE ON BOARD THE "MAY FRERE" VIEWING THE FIREWORKS IN BOMBAY HARBOR.



MICO LJUBORATIC, THE LEADER OF THE HERZEGOVINIAN INSURRECTION.



ENGLAND.—LANDING COTTON AT LIVERPOOL.



RIGHT HONORABLE S. CAVE, M.P., THE NEW ADMINISTRATOR OF EGYPTIAN FINANCES.



VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO INDIA.—THE PRINCE DINING IN THE CAVES OF ELEPHANTA.



## WHAT IS DYNAMITE?

HISTORY, PREPARATION, PROPERTIES AND  
USES OF THIS POWERFUL EXPLOSIVE.

IN order to understand what dynamite is, and how it came to be invented, we must go back more than sixty years to the investigations of a celebrated chemist, Professor Chevreul, of Paris, who discovered the compound nature of the fats, and made known the peculiar properties of glycerine. The natural fats are ethers of certain organic acids, and glycerine is the alcohol which can be separated from them. The value of Chevreul's discovery was scarcely appreciated at that early day, but at the present time an entire revolution in the great industry of soap and candles has been occasioned by it. The glycerine, which for centuries has been thrown away, is now carefully preserved, and has become an article of large consumption in many industries. Its relation to dynamite remains to be told. An Italian chemist, working in the laboratory of Professor Pelouze, in Paris, was trying some experiments on the action of a mixture of oil of vitriol and aqua fortis upon glycerine, and in the course of his work succeeded in making a substance which proved to be very dangerous to handle, so much so, that it was thought unwise to attempt to do anything with it. As the new compound was found to contain three parts of nitrogen, it was called tri-nitro-glycerine, and by this name the dangerous substance has since been known. Another oil, somewhat similar in appearance, but much simpler in constitution, called chloride of nitrogen, was also discovered by a French chemist, who nearly lost his life while experimenting with it. This oil has not been introduced as an explosive agent, as it decomposes too violently, and is wholly unmanageable. As the same view was entertained of nitro-glycerine for many years, it is quite probable that some day we shall hear of the introduction of the chloride of nitrogen combined with sand or gunpowder, and bearing some Greek name indicative of its immense power. It was on the 5th of July, 1847, that Sombrero published an account of nitro-glycerine in the transactions of the Turin Academy of Sciences. The bad name he gave the compound had the effect of deterring any one from attempting to make any practical use of his discovery. It, with its analogue, chloride of nitrogen, was relegated to the limbo of things to be cautiously let alone. A Swedish engineer by the name of Alfred Nobel was the first to venture to disregard the warnings of scientific men, and in July, 1864, seventeen years after the first publication on the subject, took out a patent for the new explosive oil. The temerity and perseverance of this man was something very unusual. Although several factories were blown up in the early experiments, costing the lives of numerous workmen, he persevered until he solved the problem, and finally reduced the manufacture of nitro-glycerine to a safe basis, and thus provided an explosive agent which, in careful hands, has proved of great value and economy in many extensive engineering undertakings. When manufactured on the spot where it is intended to be used, it is now regarded as being as safe as gunpowder, while its explosive force is rated at ten times that of its ancient competitor.

In order to bring nitro-glycerine within the range of articles of transport, Nobel tried many experiments, and finally hit by accident upon the one which resulted in the production of the powder known as dynamite. The manufacture of this explosive is now conducted on a large scale in the manner described below. The raw materials are sulphuric acid, Chili saltpetre and infusorial earth. The sulphuric acid is the ordinary

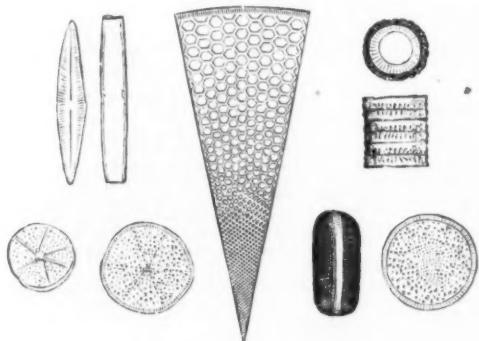


FIG. 1.—INFUSORIAL EARTH FROM NEAR RICHMOND, VA.

English oil of vitriol. The nitric acid is made from Chili saltpetre, and the crude glycerine in Europe is brought chiefly from Marseilles, and, in the United States, from Cincinnati. The infusorial earth comes from Hanover, in the neighborhood of which city there are exhaustless deposits. In the United States the material under the name of tripoli, electric silicon, etc., is found near Richmond, Va. (see Fig. 1), at Suckasunny, N. J., and in various parts of Nevada. This form of earth is composed of the skeletons of a vast number of infusorial animals, called diatoms, which yield a spongy silica admirably adapted for a polishing powder, or as an absorbent for oils and liquids. It is also used in the preparation of soluble glasses, for pigments, or fire-proof packing and numerous other purposes. The Hanover tripoli, known as kieselguhr, is packed in casks and sent to all parts of the world, even as far as San Francisco, for the manufacture of dynamite. The nitric acid required is made at the factory, for the reason that a very concentrated article is required, the transportation of which would be difficult. It is obtained on a large scale by placing in a cast-iron vessel, A, Fig. 2, the nitrate to be operated upon, to which is added, by means of a funnel, strong sulphuric acid. The lid is replaced, and the vessel connected by means of the clay-lined tube, B, with the glass tube, C, dipping into the large stoneware flask, D, which serves the purpose of a receiver. This flask is connected by means of a tube, a, to a similar vessel, D', and that to a third vessel, D'', and so on, in order to completely condense the vapors which might have escaped through the first, second and third vessels. The iron vessel, A, is heated by means of the fire placed in the hearth, F, the smoke and hot gases being carried off by G H. At the outset of the operation the damper, d, is so regulated as to shut off the lower channel and cause the smoke and hot gases to pass through E, heating the vessels D, D', and D'', this precaution being required to prevent their cracking by the hot acid vapors entering from A. As soon, however, as the distillation has fairly commenced, the damper is altered to shut off E and pass the hot air and gases through G.

At large establishments, four or five of these retorts are in constant operation, and the product from each bench is so mixed that the average specific gravity shall be equal to 47 or 48 B. A weaker acid than this does not work well.

Having obtained the acids, the next step is the conversion of the innocuous glycerine into the explosive oil. Four large cast-iron

kettles are used, in which are mixed 1,300 pounds of nitric acid and 2,600 pounds of sulphuric acid. The acids become heated by mixing, and are allowed a day to cool before using. A light shed, open on the side, covers the kettle, which latter is surrounded with brick to prevent it cracking in winter.

Only 630 pounds of the glycerine are treated with the 3,900 pounds of acid. The mixed and cooled acids are allowed to flow into the wooden vat 1 (see Fig. 3) lined with quarter-inch lead. The glycerine is stored in 2, and in 3 is a reservoir of water. The vats 1, 2 communicate with a box, C, also lined with lead, and divided into compartments which open into the trough D.

This box is provided with machinery to give it an oscillating motion, indicated by the dotted lines; it also has a thermometer to show the temperature. A constant stream of cold water is made to flow around the vat D and out at N. As soon as everything is ready the acid is allowed to flow through A into C, and the glycerine through B into the same vessel. At the same time an oscillating motion is imparted to C by workmen who are stationed at a distance of thirty or forty feet, protected by a strong wall. As soon as all the glycerine has flowed in, the operation may be considered as ended, for the nitration takes place instantly. The oil from D is drawn into the vat 4 which is half filled with water. The nitro-glycerine sinks to the bottom and can be decanted from the dilute acids. The next step is to mix the oil with the inert silica. The infusorial earth has three constituents which must be removed—water, organic substances, and coarse gravel. The first two are removed by cal-

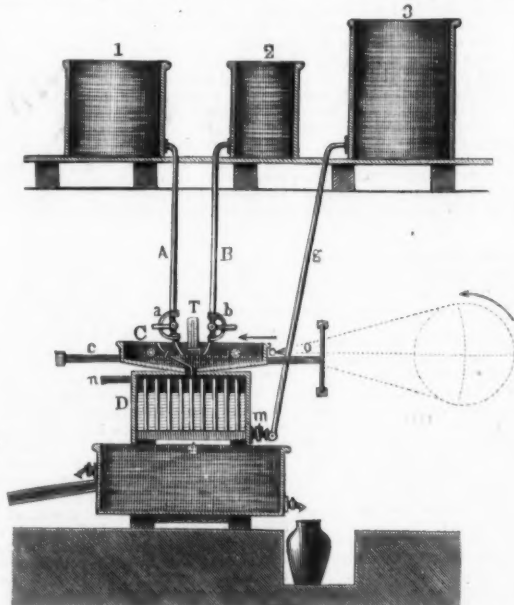
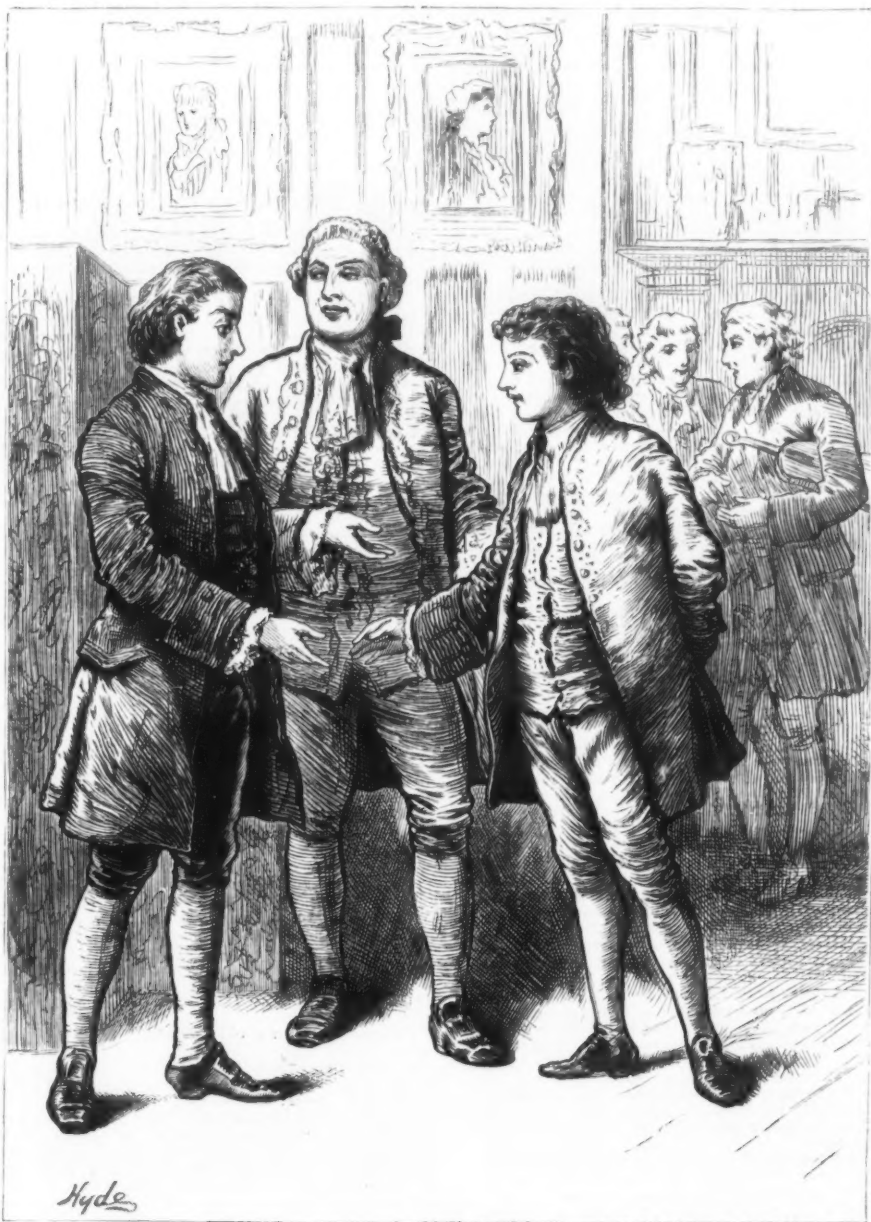


FIG. 3.—MANUFACTURE OF NITRO-GLYCERINE.



CARY OF HUNSDON.—FIRST MEETING OF CARY OF HUNSDON AND THOMAS JEFFERSON—"MR. CARY, LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO A YOUNG FRIEND OF MINE, WHO IS ALSO ON HIS WAY TO WILLIAMSBURG—MR. THOMAS JEFFERSON, FROM GOOCHLAND."—SEE PAGE 302.

cining at a red heat in an oven with four shelves, one above the other, on which the earth is placed and slowly pushed from the upper to the lower. The organic matter which is considered dangerous to the stability of the dynamite is thus burned out. It is then pressed with hard rollers and sifted, which separates it from the larger grains. It is now ready for use.

Fifty pounds of infusorial sand are put into flat wooden tanks and covered with 150 pounds of nitro-glycerine, when the workmen mix them with the naked hand. Gloves of india-rubber were at first provided, but the workmen preferred to knead the mixture with the free hands. In half an hour the incorporation of the oil with the sand is complete and the dynamite is ready for filling in the cartridge molds. The cartridges are simple cylinders, protected by parchment paper. If ordinary paper is used the oil soaks into it, and there is great danger of premature explosion. Dynamite is a brownish gray, sometimes reddish, inodorous, pasty, greasy mass, having the specific gravity of 1.6. When ignited by an ordinary flame it burns up quickly without detonation, and must therefore be fired with a patent exploder containing fulminate of silver inclosed in a copper capsule. It requires a heavy blow of a hammer on an anvil to explode it, and even then only the portions struck are fired. In this respect it presents great advantages over nitro-glycerine, which is easily exploded by percussion. On the other hand, the wood of the boxes in which dynamite is packed becomes by slow degrees impregnated with nitro-glycerine, and forms a most dangerously explosive material, which may give rise to serious accidents in warehouses where it is stored.

Nobel subjected dynamite to numerous severe tests before putting it upon the market. He placed a case of it containing eighty pounds on a brisk fire, and the dynamite was consumed without noise or shock; a similar case flung from a height of sixty-five feet on a hard rock was unaffected. A weight of over 200 pounds was then let fall from a height of twenty feet upon a box of dynamite; the box was smashed, but again there was no explosion. As long as the nitro-glycerine is confined in the infusorial silica there appears to be very little danger, but the escape of a few drops of the oil may be the source of great mischief. The force exerted by the dynamite is much greater than that of gunpowder, and under the name of giant powder it has been largely employed in the mines of California. Other explosives, such as dualine, lithofracteur, and colônia powder, may be said to be varieties of dynamite, having nitro-glycerine for their base and using sawdust or some other substance as an absorbent. All of them are powerful explosives, and must be handled with care.

## VIRGINIA RELICS OF PREHISTORIC MAN.

INFORMATION has just been received at the Smithsonian Institution of some important and interesting discoveries in the drift or gravel-beds on the banks of the James River, in Virginia, relating to prehistoric man. A scientific gentleman, who has been at work making excavations for these relics of the early man, has brought to light worked flints, in the lower beds of gravel, similar, in most respects, to those which are contained in the drifts of the Old World. At this point on the James River was found in the drift a quaint, long-rotted and well-worn spear-head or scraper of the early man.

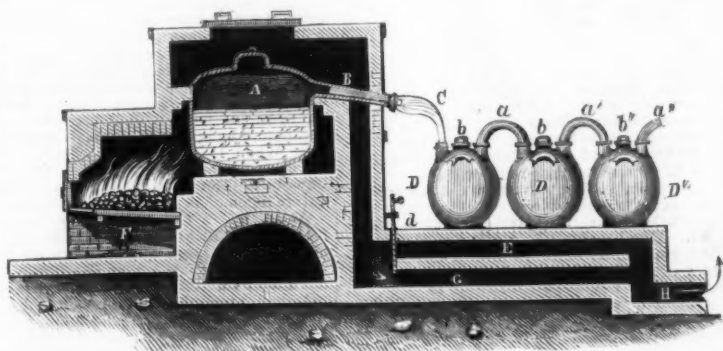


FIG. 2.—MANUFACTURE OF NITRIC ACID.

The exact locality from which these relics have been taken is on the north side of the James River. There is a bluff which was anciently washed by the Spring freshets, and which serves at present the purpose of a wall of protection to the track and buildings of the R. & Y. Railroad Company. It has been laid open by excavation for a roadway on its surface, and for a yard or over on its exposed flank. The brick has been topped off, and the wall of the bluff has been pushed back, so to speak, as much as fifty feet or more.

The depth of these antiquities is about thirty feet below the ground-level of the river valley. Some of the flints were obtained from a seam of gravel about fifteen feet above the ordinary flood-tide, and about four feet above the highest freshets. These implements appear to be worked chiefly from bluish-looking pebbles that lie so conspicuously in one of the beds. After they are washed and dried they assume that glassiness of exterior which is said to belong exclusively to implements from the drifts. That they are probably of the like age as those of the quaternary gravels of Europe, may be inferred from the general correspondence of form, and from the somewhat similar character of the beds from which they are obtained. There is no doubt that all the gravels immediately adjacent to the James River, and those of the Appomattox, also, contain, in different numbers and forms, deposits of worked flints and pebbles.

The gravel of Gamble Hill, overlooking the rapids, is pitched at an elevation of sixty or more feet above the river. Even here are most convincing evidences of man's antiquity. Worked pebbles have been taken from this section, which correspond, in form and general character, with those found in the excavated Powhatan Terrace. These relics present strong evidences that the quaternary man had advanced in America, by long steps, from the rudest beginnings to the more recent ages of smooth stone and bronze.

## THE EMPRESS EUGENIE'S JEWELS.

THE magnificent jewels which were lately the property of the Empress Eugénie, and which were sent first to Bombay, and ultimately to Calcutta, for disposal, have just been purchased by the Maharajah of Puttala, India. The jewels comprise a brilliant cut diamond necklace, silver-setting, composed of 18 large brilliant-shaped diamonds and 11 small do.; also 11 brilliant



cut drop-shape diamonds; a pair of large brilliant cut diamond earrings, composed of two large brilliant-cut diamonds, two small do., and two large brilliant-cut drop-shape diamonds, silver-setting; a single-stone brilliant, the "Potachin" diamond. The price is rumored to have been about six lakhs of rupees, or \$300,000. The Maharajah is said to have one of the finest collections of jewels in India, and altogether, when he appears in state with these on, Puttiala will be worth looking at.

## SIMILITUDES.

**S**UBLINELY calm—her only wish to know—  
In her unswept glance nor fear nor ruth,  
Reckless how suns may shine or storms may blow,  
Stands, like an adamant statue, Truth.

See, in the kindling East that cloudlet gray,  
Touched by the Dawn, a heavenly gem appears;  
Thus Hope floats lucent in life's early ray,  
Thus, too, or yet 'tis noon, oft falls in tears.

Full many a mimic part doth love sustain,  
And aptly act in aspect, mien and breath;  
But his chief characters are Grief and Pain,  
And often, too, he shows himself as Death.

O'er rugged roads doth Reason slow advance,  
Pondering each step with face to earth inclined,  
Yet sometimes will he raise a longing glance,  
And list Faith's wordless promise on the wind.

## Cary of Hunsdon.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A MAN OF '76.

BY JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

## CHAPTER I.—HUNSDON.

**O**LD age is given to musing—to pursuing idly its recollections and its dreams. I have a favorite seat under an ash-tree on the lawn where I often fall into reverie, and losing sight of the present, return in memory to the scenes of my early years. As I muse at such times, a feeling of regret obtrudes itself that all that I have seen and felt should perish with me; that the comedy and the tragedy, the tears and laughter, of my life should pass into oblivion, and nothing remain of me but the name carved on a tombstone. There is something sad, I think, in such a thought—the desire to be remembered is surely pardonable—and such has been the motive impelling me to write these memories. Although quiet in my tastes, and more of a student and dreamer in temperament than an actor, it was my fortune to be thrown in contact with stirring events—to be personally acquainted with many of the great men of a remarkable epoch; and it is of these events and personages that I now design to speak. In doing so I am certain that I shall interest myself—old age is garrulous and fond of storytelling! May the record, in turn, interest others.

I was born in the year 1748 at "Hunsdon," my father's country-seat, on the right bank of James River, between Richmond and City Point, in Virginia.

The house was a plain old homestead, built of brick, with a long portico in front, and overshadowed by oaks, among which were, here and there, a few slender Lombardy poplars. On the left was the garden, in terraces, after the ancient fashion, with the walks edged by box-bushes, and beyond this a meadow extended to the river. To the west and south the prospect was shut in by forest; eastward you saw the opposite shore of the river, a commanding height on which stood "Wilton"—the home of the Randolphs. Within, Hunsdon was a fair specimen of old-time building. The hall was wainscoted in oak, and the mantelpieces were tall and carved in panels. All about the place was unassuming and homelike. There were no evidences of wealth, and the estate itself was only of moderate size, still we lived in great comfort, which was due to my father's good management, and to this gentleman I shall now give a few words.

He was a tall and very distinguished-looking man, of remarkable suavity of manners, but very silent and sedate. I never knew him to fall into a passion, or even to raise his voice, and yet he was implicitly obeyed, and everything he desired was done with regularity and precision. His own life was as regular as the movements of a machine. He rose at dawn, and rode over his estate, returning to breakfast at eight in Summer, and at nine in Winter. After breakfast he wrote letters or transacted business. At three he dined, drinking half a glass of punch and two glasses of wine, after which he dozed in his chair for about an hour. In the evening he walked out, often accompanied by my mother and myself. At sunset he drank tea, and precisely at nine retired to rest. Such was my father's calm and systematic life. He had been a member of the King's Council, and Lieutenant-Governor of Virginia; but I am certain that he preferred to reside quietly on his estate. He was a favorite with his old neighbors, and greatly beloved by the poor, and I recall him now with mingled love and reverence.

Of my beloved mother I shall say a few words only. She was still a beautiful woman when she had passed the age of fifty, small of stature, with deep blue eyes, and a smile the sweetest that I have ever seen on the human face. Her piety was deep and earnest, and she lost no occasion of instilling into me, her only child, the profoundest reverence for holy things. From my early childhood to the day of her death this holy, maternal love seemed to envelop my life; and, thank God! I repaid it with the deepest tenderness and devotion.

To end this preface, I was sent in my childhood to one of those rustic academies called "Old Field Schools," where I received the rudiments of my education; and at seventeen set out for William and Mary College, at Williamsburg, where my father had been a student before me. It is with this date that I shall begin the story of my life. I was well grown, I believe, for my age, rather below than above the medium height; calm rather than impulsive, but of cheerful and hopeful disposition; and I remember still with what pleasure I set forth on my first journey out into the world. It may interest some of my grandchildren to hear how their small grandpa of seventeen was dressed. He wore a gallant cocked hat, a pair of fair-topped boots, and a brown coat and silk waistcoat, both embroidered by his mother's hands. His clothes were carried in a leathern valise strapped behind the saddle of the servant accompanying him; and so with a close pressure of his father's hand, and a kiss from his mother who had melted to tears, the youth mounted and set out for Williamsburg.

## CHAPTER II.—MY FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH TWO FAMOUS MEN.

**I** SHALL not give much space to the first years of my life; but two or three incidents worthy

of relation occurred at that period—one of them on this very journey.

My father had requested me to take Caroline County on my route, in order to deliver some law-papers to his friend, Mr. Edmund Pendleton. I accordingly rode northward, delivered the papers to Mr. Pendleton at his home, "Edmundsbury," where I spent the night, and on the next morning resumed my journey towards Williamsburg.

Unfortunately I missed my road, and only reached Pamunkey River towards evening. Forging with difficulty, I passed to the south bank, and seeing a man fishing at a little distance, rode to him to inquire the road. He was a rudely clad personage, with a homespun coat, knee-breeches of dressed leather, yarn stockings, and heavy shoes. An old battered hat covered his forehead, and from a gaunt, careless but not unpleasant face shone a pair of piercing eyes.

I inquired my road, was directed, and while allowing my horse to take breath after half-swimming the river, entered into conversation with the stranger. He very quickly impressed me with the conviction that his mind was far superior to his appearance. An allusion to the depth of water at the ford produced from my new friend the reply that the river was falling, but would not hurry itself if "King George III. himself were waiting to cross." I was amused at his tone, and said that the river would act discourteously—all the more as George III. was a very worthy and respectable man. This seemed to arouse the stranger, and he became suddenly denunciatory.

"His majesty is grinding us prettily, my chance friend," he said, "and here in Virginia things are not much better. The nabobs lord it over the poor common people, and what they leave them is gobbled up by the parsons."

"You seem not to like the nabobs and the parsons," I said, laughing.

"I confess I do not admire either—especially the last. How is anybody to admire a set of clerical gentlemen who play cards and hunt foxes, and drone in the pulpit sleepily, until some new-light Presbyterian preacher makes them foam at the mouth by presuming to say that he, too, is a divine? So it goes—royalty, the establishment, the aristocracy—all are saddled on us, strangling free thought and action; but luckily the whole system is doomed."

"In Virginia?"

"In North America, for the other colonies are no better off than Virginia."

"What would you put in place of all?"

"Equality."

"Men are not equal," I said; "and cannot be made so, as some are wise and some are fools—some educated and some ignorant."

"Well, at least leave the way free," replied my friend; "let the human mind be unfettered in religion, politics, and all things."

"I agree to that," I said; "but I do not believe the wealthy and educated people are necessarily weak and bad. There may be trouble with England, even a struggle, and then they will show their love of country, I am sure."

The stranger seemed dubious.

"And these men whom you do not seem to like," I added, "will listen to any one who can convince them, or follow anybody who shows himself able to lead."

"Never on earth!" said my friend. His singular pronunciation made me laugh, and I said:

"You yourself may become a leader."

"I?—I am perfectly good for nothing, my young friend, and have failed in everything I ever undertook. I had a farm, and I nearly starved; then I was a country merchant, and was soon bankrupt. I am now going to try the law, and have been studying for six weeks. I predict I will fail at this as I did at the rest."

"I hope not."

"I am *naïf*ly fit for nothing, unless it be fishing, idling, and playing the fiddle."

"Who knows, sir?" I said, with a strong prejudice in favor of my companion, whose modest estimate of himself conciliated liking; "you may become a counselor, and even a great orator."

The stranger laughed aloud.

"I have not the least turn for public speaking, and am going to break down in my first effort," he said. "No, my young friend, you are entirely mistaken in your flattering predictions. I will live and die poor and unknown. A man shows what is in him before he is twenty-seven. There is nothing in me. When I die my friends will feel disposed to cut upon my tombstone, if I leave money enough to buy one: 'Here lies Patrick Henry, who was by nature a good-for-nothing, and fulfilled his destiny!'"

As he had a bite at this moment, the stranger forgot his political and personal discourse, and ardently concentrated his attention on his present pursuit, drawing up a very fine fish. With a few more words we then parted, and I rode on.

I shall proceed to show now how I ascertained whether I or the "good-for-nothing" had most reason. Finding myself benighted, I rode up to a handsome house upon a hill—the residence, I was informed by a wayfarer, of Colonel Dandridge, who was an old friend of my father. I was received with a true Virginia welcome, and found the drawing-room filled with young ladies and their beaux intent on a little dancing frolic. The sable fiddler had, however, failed to appear, and the company were in despair, when my friend the angler of the Pamunkey, in a somewhat more presentable costume, made his appearance. He had no sooner done so than he was besieged to play for them—readily consented, and, in a few moments the gay couples were dancing to some of the most admirable music I have ever heard from the violin. The angler was plainly a master of his instrument, and threw his whole soul into country dance and reel, which he performed with immense ardor, his face glowing, and his foot keeping time.

"Have you ever heard better playing, Mr. Cary?" said smiling old Colonel Dandridge. "Patrick Henry—that is his name—is a performer of real genius. I doubt if he will perform so well to-morrow."

"To-morrow, sir?"

"Patrick is to speak in the parsons' cause, as we call it, and everybody is laughing at the idea. The case is perfectly desperate, and all the counsel have retired—and, to crown all, Patrick has never made a speech in his life."

I looked at the gentleman at whose presumption everybody was laughing. He was sawing away on his instrument with enthusiasm, and wound up the reel he was playing with a headlong crash, which seemed to scatter the maidens to their seats like the rush of a storm-wind. The grim face of the angler had filled with pleasure, and ten minutes afterwards shouts of laughter issued from a group gathered around him—the "good-for-nothing" was telling a humorous story. I was looking in the direction of the laughers, when Colonel Dandridge touched my arm, and said:

"Mr. Cary, let me introduce you to a young friend of mine, who is also on his way to Williamsburg—Mr. Thomas Jefferson, from Goochland."

I shook hands with Mr. Thomas Jefferson, who was a tall, thin, angular young gentleman, a little older than myself, with a ruddy complexion and

brown hair, inclining to red. I had noticed his headlong execution of the figures of the reel, and we now entered into conversation, his address being frank and good-humored. As we were both going to William and Mary, we agreed to ride in company; and on the next morning duly set out together, our road leading through Hanover Court House.

My companion, I remember, made no other impression on me than that of a gay and thoughtless youth. He spoke of the scene on the preceding evening, and of Henry's violin-playing, which he said was certainly excellent—he himself was something of a performer, but a mere tyro compared with Henry.

"I wonder whether he will speak as well as he plays," said my companion. "We can ascertain by stopping an hour—here is Hanover Court House."

The little village, with its old courthouse in the midst of its grassy yard, was crowded with people of all classes, from plain countrymen riding raw-boned horses to wealthy planters in their four-horse chariots; and when we entered the courtroom we could scarcely find a place to stand.

On a raised platform sat the justices, flanked by a number of the clergy. Beneath were the jury and counsel—Mr. Lyons, a courtly-looking gentleman, for the clergy; and my friend the angler for the opposing parties.

The clergy were suing for arrears of salary, which an order of the King in Council directed should be paid them—a law of the Virginia Burgesses to the contrary notwithstanding. Mr. Lyons made his argument, and it was so perfectly conclusive, that the clergy exchanged smiles of satisfaction; and I saw Henry hang his head, with an expression on his face akin to despair. When Mr. Lyons sat down, a silence of some moments succeeded; then the fiddle-playing, angler-lawyer rose slowly and awkwardly, stammering out a few words in so low a tone that they could scarcely be heard. He seemed, indeed, to be panic-struck. He scarcely raised his eyes. His voice faltered; and all seemed over.

All was not over. Some latent force in the man seemed slowly to develop itself. His tones grew gradually firmer; his head rose slowly. The sound of his voice seemed to kindle him. I am unable to find words to describe the remarkable transformation which finally took place in the speaker. I saw unfolding themselves before my eyes the mysterious and indescribable powers of the born orator. His frame grew as straight as an arrow; his eyes flamed, and his voice touched the secret chords of passion in the hearts of his hearers. I say of passion. He did not appeal to their reason. Indeed, his argument was nothing—he simply denounced the King and the clergy, and he carried the crowd with him. If the King annulled a law of the Virginia Burgesses, he exclaimed, the King was "a tyrant, and had forfeited all right to obedience."

"The gentleman has spoken treason!" cried Mr. Lyons.

The interruption was unfortunate. It lashed the speaker to more bitter denunciation. The crowd thrilled at his voice, and seemed about to shout aloud; and, at last, in utter indignation, the clergy rose in a body and left the courtroom. At last the orator sat down, and the jury took the case, and almost immediately brought in a verdict of *one penny* damages for the clergy—a verdict utterly against law and fact.

What followed was remarkable. Henry was caught up by the crowd, raised on their shoulders, and borne, in the midst of triumphant shouts, around the court-green, and then to the tavern. He had become, in an hour's space, the "Man of the People."

As I rode out of the village with young Thomas Jefferson, I remember how his face glowed when he spoke of Henry.

"Did you ever hear more wonderful oratory?" he exclaimed.

"Never!" I replied, with an enthusiasm as great as his own.

"That man," he added, "seems to me to speak as Homer wrote!"

We rode on together—I remember thinking at the time that I had never met with a gayer companion—and on the evening of the next day we reached Williamsburg.

## CHAPTER III.—GOVERNOR FAUQUIER'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.

**G**OOD, kind, honest old "William and Mary"! May she be blessed and prosper! She was honored a century since, she is honored still—may she be honored and cherished in all coming years!

I shall pass over my life at college—it would scarcely interest the reader—but I must say something of two or three persons whose acquaintance I made at this period, and whose lives were afterwards intimately associated with my own.

There was a condition attached to the royal bequest to William and Mary College, that the faculty and students should proceed annually to the Governor's Palace on the 5th of November, where one of the students should repeat before His Excellency a copy of Latin verses.

I was selected, in the year of my arrival, to deliver these verses, and went with the dean, faculty and students to the palace in grand procession, where, standing in his large reception-room, the Governor awaited us.

Governor Francis Fauquier was a graceful and courtly gentleman, and he received us in full court-dress—embroidered coat, silk stockings, powdered hair and short-sword.

With considerable trepidation I delivered my Latin address, the smiling Governor Fauquier made a courteous response to the Dean of the Faculty, and then the procession of professors and students defiled out of the reception-room, and returned to the college—all save myself. The Governor had requested me, with a smile, to remain, and now entered into courteous conversation with me.

It is unnecessary to record the observations of His Excellency. Learning that I was a relative of Colonel Cary of "Amphill," he said, laughing, that the gentleman in question might prove a dangerous adversary if England and Virginia ever quarreled. And when I expressed the hope that no such quarrel would take place, Governor Fauquier replied, with the same light laugh:

"Who knows? Even you young gentlemen of William and Mary doubt the divine right of kings? There is young Tom Jefferson, an iconoclast, if there ever was one, and the best of company, too. But what a pestilential leveler! Royalty, nobility, aristocracy—one and all of these sacred institutions are the objects of his satire! And even here in my palace I am surrounded by political infidels!"

A slight laugh from one corner of the apartment followed these words, and turning round, I saw a young gentleman who was seated at a table writing.

"This is Dinsmore, my private secretary. Mr. Dinsmore, Mr. Cary," said the Governor.

The private secretary laid down his pen, came forward, and cordially held out his hand. He was a man of about twenty-five, rather tall, vigorously

knit, and the expression of his face was bright and joyous. It was an uncommonly handsome face. The forehead was lofty, the eyes brown and brilliant, the nose straight, the lips instinct with the very spirit of mirth. He was dressed almost richly, and his dark hair was profusely powdered. About the whole man was an indefinable atmosphere of good society, and a certain friendliness and simplicity which impressed me strongly and drew me towards him from the first moment of my acquaintance with him.

"You will like Dinsmore," said the Governor, laughing: "he is an excellent fellow and a furious fox-hunter, which is apt to recommend him to you young gentlemen of Virginia. The only fault I have to find with him is that he has spent some time in Paris, and is a derider of the throne—though not of the altar!"

"His Excellency is pleased to amuse himself at my expense, Mr. Cary," was the laughing reply of the secretary. "He is himself a democratic philosopher, which I am not. I am very glad to make your acquaintance, sir, and trust we shall meet again."

This was evidently a mere commonplace expression of courtesy, and I scarcely expected to meet Mr. Dinsmore again; but in this expectation I was mistaken.

I had a friend in the neighborhood of Williamsburg who was an ardent fox-hunter; and knowing how fond I was of following the hounds, he invited me to a grand hunt a few days after the scene at the Governor's which I have just related. I joyfully accepted the invitation; borrowed from one of my fellow-students a fine thoroughbred, which the youth kept in the town in open violation of college rules; and on the morning appointed—a delightful breezy morning of November—was riding with half a dozen huntsmen, after my friend's hounds, in full cry after an old gray fox.

I should like to describe one of these old fox-hunts of my youth, when my blood bounded so joyously, and the cry of the hounds was such music as I never expect to listen to again. But my narrative demands my attention—I must pass to scenes more important than fox-hunting—and I shall proceed to record the incident of this day, which gave it a distinct place in my memory.

I had at once recognized among my friends' guests, as we reached the ground, the Governor's private secretary, Mr. Dinsmore, and he met me with a cordial smile and a warm grasp of the hand. His appearance was altogether different. His richly embroidered coat, silk stockings and powder had disappeared, and he wore a plain brown hunting suit, fair-topped boots, and a little jockey cap fitting close to the head. In his hand he carried a whip, and around his neck was slung a hunter's horn. He was the perfect model of a fox-hunter with no thought but the exciting sport before him.

The hounds opened in full cry, and the hunt began under the most favorable auspices. Three hours afterwards the old gray fox had led us a dance of about twenty miles, and was doubling back, apparently as fresh as when he was unearthed in the morning.

The hard ride had gradually thinned out the hunters, leaving only three or four. Then the number still diminished, and finally Dinsmore and myself were riding neck and neck—the only two who kept in sight of the hounds. He was superbly mounted on an English hunter of great power, and rode like the Wild Huntsman himself. I could see, as from time to time he turned his joyful face towards me, that he was struck with the performance of my own animal; and as I cleared a very high fence at the same moment with himself, he cried, "Good!"

Three hundred yards further another fence, still more difficult, lay directly in our course. I drove my thoroughbred at it, just managed to clear it, and was going on, when, looking over my shoulder, I saw Dinsmore's hunter fall and roll over with his rider under him. I got to him as soon as possible, and leaped to the ground to extricate him; but he saved me the trouble. As I reached the spot, the hunter struggled to his feet, with Dinsmore still in the saddle, and clinging to him like death.

"It is nothing!" he cried, laughing.

Then shouting the loud "Whoop, halloo!" he struck the fine animal, who was unhurt, with his little riding-whip, dashed on the track of the hounds, and half an hour afterwards he was waving above his head the brush of the old gray fox, the ringing blast of his horn announcing the event for miles around.

A gay dinner followed the hunt, and Dinsmore was not only the hero of the day, but the very soul of the joyous company. His spirits seemed to effervesce like some sparkling wine. Never have I seen a more perfect example of what is called a "good companion," and I still hear a hunting-song he sang in his full, rich voice—standing and acting it as he rolled out the jovial strain. It celebrated the fame of some old English fox-hunter "in the days gone by," and I recall the joyous chorus:

"Right fearless he rode, like a brave man and true,  
With the hounds on ahead, and the fox full in view,  
While the green valleys rang with his loud 'Whoop, halloo!'"

And the blast of his horn in the morning."

The dinner ended at nightfall, and I rode back with Dinsmore towards Williamsburg. I could see that he remembered how promptly I had hastened to his assistance when his horse fell; and nothing could be imagined more cordial than the tones of his voice. Some human beings impress you like sunshine, and my new friend was one of these. His very presence seemed to produce good humor, and make all bright around him.

After the hunt I saw Dinsmore frequently. He visited me at the college. I returned his visits; we rode together, walked together, and a close friendship sprang up between us in spite of the disparity of age.

We were soon to be separated—for ever, as I then thought. One bright Spring morning we had ridden over to York River, where Dinsmore had a little yacht, for he was as fond of boating as of hunting, and no one knew better how to manage a sail-boat. The yacht was kept by an old German named Gottlieb, and I could see that Dinsmore was as great a favorite with him as with others. The boat was cast off, the sails were unfurled, and we had reached the middle of the great river—the little craft dancing over the waves, and throwing up clouds of spray—when a halloo from the bank attracted our attention, and, looking in the direction of the sound, we saw what resembled a white flag waving to and fro.

"That is a signal to recall us," said Dinsmore. "I suppose His Excellency has sent after me—but what can he want?"

There was nothing to do but to return, and, bearing on the helm, Dinsmore put the yacht about, and we slowly made our way back to the shore, when a mounted man handed my companion a sealed dispatch, which he opened.

"Well, well," he said, as he finished reading the paper, and folded it up, "our day's sport is at an end, Cary; and not for this morning only, but for many a day, I fear."

"What is the matter?"

"I am to go back to England, to carry important dispatches."



"To England! But you will return?"

"Perhaps—I do not know." We mounted without further words, and returned to Williamsburg, where we parted, in front of the palace.

On the next morning Dinsmore came to the college to bid me good-by. I can still see his cordial face—the bright light in the eyes, the friendly smile on the lips—as he pressed my hand.

This parting was the first real sorrow I ever felt.

#### CHAPTER IV.—MARCUS FONTAINE AND A CURIOUS PREDICTION.

I HAVE said that, with two or three scenes, I shall pass on from my college days. I have spoken of Dinsmore—I shall now give a few words to another friend, and to a very curious incident connected with him.

The name of this friend was Marcus Fontaine, the son, as I then supposed, of an old clergyman in Warwick Parish. Marcus was younger than myself—a mere boy, indeed—but his extraordinary air of coolness and phlegm made him appear much older than he was. His figure, even then, was lithe and sinewy, and his face of the French type—rather gaunt, with piercing black eyes—and his hair jet black. I rarely saw him laugh, and he was extremely unsocial in his habits. How I came to be intimate with him I scarcely remember, but we became friends in some manner; and having gone to Mr. Fontaine's with him at Christmas, and spent a week there, I found myself on a footing of intimacy with the silent youth, who associated with no one else.

With this brief introduction, I shall proceed now to the incident above referred to—an incident so curious and unaccountable, that, reflecting profoundly upon it a hundred times afterwards, it always presented itself to me as one of those strange coincidences which have induced some fanciful persons to credit the possession of prophetic powers by human beings—a belief which I regard as entirely unfounded and absurd.

Even after our return from Warwick, Williamsburg was honored with the presence of one of those wandering "fortune-tellers" who live upon the credulity of the ignorant and the idle curiosity of more intelligent people. I have tried in vain to recall the name of this woman—for it was a woman—but I remember very well that she had installed herself in rooms on Gloucester Street, where an advertisement in the old *Virginia Gazette* invited everybody to come and have their fortunes told. This advertisement speedily attracted the attention of the students. A few went at first, and returned laughing and wondering; then, as the faculty publicly warned the young gentlemen against such a delusion, the fortune-teller became the fashion, and stealing from college bounds after nightfall, the students resorted to the house on Gloucester Street in crowds.

I had laughed when any one proposed a visit to me, but one day Marcus Fontaine informed me that he was going to "have his fortune told" that night, and asked me to accompany him.

"It is ridiculous, my dear fellow," I said. "What makes you think of going?"

"Mere curiosity," he replied, in his calm voice. "An idle curiosity, the gratification of which will simply relieve you of four or five shillings. You do not believe in astrology and all that nonsense?"

He was silent for an instant. Then he said gravely: "I do not know whether I believe in it or not." "You surprise me. What connection can there be between the motions of the planetary bodies, or the marks in the palm of the hand, and the fates of human beings?"

"I do not know," was his reply, in the same tone. "Why go, then?"

"To satisfy an idle curiosity, as you say."

How could I argue with such a decision? After all—I reflected—no harm could come of our visit save the loss of the shillings alluded to, so I consented to accompany my friend; and duly escaping unseen from the bounds, just as night had fully descended, we went along Gloucester Street, and soon reached the house in which the fortune-teller had established her headquarters. At our knock a secretive-looking maid-servant opened the door, and we were introduced into an apartment where the seeress awaited us, seated beside a table, upon which were ostentatiously arranged a human skull, a pack of cards, a large leather-bound volume with iron clasps, and other paraphernalia of her trade. The priestess of this temple was, I remember, a fat lady of about forty-five, dressed in cast-off finery, and she received us without rising—her air one of haughty superiority, which I suppose was habitual; a mere matter of business with her.

Marcus walked up to the table, and said, fixing his eyes upon the woman with perfect coolness: "We have come to have our fortunes told."

I well remember being impressed by the calm manner in which he thus took precedence, in the interview, of myself, an older person, and at the fixed gaze which he directed at the fortune-teller. She returned his look with one very piercing, and said:

"You will each place half a crown upon that tray."

We complied with this prosaic formality, which seemed a very humdrum preface to the errand upon which we had come, and the woman then said to me, as I was standing nearest to her:

"Let me see your hand."

I extended my hand, and she examined the palm with close attention. Then she opened the volume with the iron clasps, turned over the leaves, paused at a certain page, consulted my palm once more, knit her brows thoughtfully, and leaned back in her seat, gazing fixedly at me as she did so.

"You are English," she said, "or Virginian—it is the same. You will make love to a fair-haired woman, and break her heart. She will die blessing you, and you will marry another, and live long and prosperously, but with secret remorse."

I could not restrain a slight laugh, and said:

"I hope you have not read my future aright, madame. Is that all? I am not to murder any one, am I—or rob anybody's hen-roost?"

"Such levity ill-befits this solemn hour!" was the grandiloquent reply.

"Well, madame, it was natural in me to laugh a little," I said, "at such an ominous horoscope. I hope your ladyship will think better of it, and decree me some more agreeable future!"

"I decree nothing—the Fates decree."

"And this is their decree?"

"It is."

"Then they are particularly unfriendly, you must let me say, and I trust they will be a little more favorable to my friend."

Marcus Fontaine had advanced in his turn, and was holding out his hand.

"I'll wager, Marcus," I said, laughing, "that you'll marry an heiress, and live to be a hundred, and die in the odor of sanctity!"

"Silence!" exclaimed the fortune-teller, "while I read the Book of Fate!"

She subjected his palm to the same scrutiny, consulted her book with the same knitting of the brows, and—the sole detail of this interview which I have never been able precisely to understand—seemed really to experience strong emotion. For a moment

she remained perfectly silent, and Marcus Fontaine waited patiently.

"Your horoscope is strange and clouded," she said.

"It is your place," he replied, coolly, "to drive the clouds away."

"I will try, sir."

This was the first time she had used the word "sir." She closed the book, shuffled the cards, arranged them in rows, rearranged them, threw them aside so abruptly that they fell in a shower on the venerable skull, and said:

"The clouds remain!"

"Well, drive them away, I say, if you can," was the cold response.

"Let me see your hand again. That is what never fails!"

He held out his hand, and the woman scrutinized it anew. Her face then cleared up, and, half closing her eyes, she said, slowly:

"You are French. You are unknown now—you will be well known. You read books—you will lead men. You wear plain clothes—you will change them for cloth-of-gold. You sleep in a bed—you will lie on the ground. You will march in heat and cold, in sunshine and storm, through ice and snow, and keep your courage where others despair, and command and be famous, and come to a violent end, and not shrink!"

I listened to this oracular address, which, I must say, struck me as truly absurd, with a satirical smile, I suppose, and glanced at Marcus, expecting to find the same expression on his face, or to hear him laugh. His face was as grave as ever—its expression indicated neither incredulity nor credulity—it indicated nothing.

"So be it, madame," he said. "Is that all?"

"Very well; you are complimentary, at least, since you are good enough to predict that I shall grow famous, and not fail in the courage that faces death."

Marcus bowed gravely as he uttered these words; and, as if he had no further desire to question the charlatan, walked out of the house, and I followed him.

On the very next day the woman, having apparently exhausted her dupes, disappeared from the town, and the incident of our visit was forgotten.

Long afterwards it returned to my memory, and I reflected upon it with the utmost astonishment.

(To be continued.)

#### ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF TRENTON.

THE ninety-ninth anniversary of the battle of Trenton was celebrated in that city on Monday, December 27th, with much spirit. The interest taken in the affair shows that the residents of Trenton are thoroughly imbued with the Centennial feeling that now pervades the country, and was an earnest of the still more enthusiastic demonstration that may be expected next year, when the magic of a hundred years will add its charm to the celebration of the battle.

The principal attraction of the occasion was a sham fight, intended to represent the event commemorated. Although not produced with strict historical accuracy, the details were creditably carried out, and gave the spectators some idea of the fight. There was no crossing of the icy river at midnight, as there was ninety-nine years ago; there was no silent march over frozen ground. No blood was spilled, but there was plenty of gunpowder burned. The locality where the maneuvers took place was the old historic ground, but greatly changed in appearance. Where there were hedges and ditches and ponds of water, there is nothing now but bricks and mortar.

On the night of December 25th, 1775, Washington with his followers crossed the Delaware at McConkey's Ferry, eight miles above Trenton. A regiment of Marblehead fishermen formed the advance, and three months previously these men had led in crossing the East River in the retreat from Long Island. He crossed the river early, and with his vanguard waited until three o'clock before the artillery (twenty pieces in all) was ferried over. An hour was lost in marshaling the troops into two divisions, so as to march by different roads.

One of these columns was under Sullivan; the other, and most important, was led by the commander, who was accompanied by Greene, Mercer and Lord Stirling. A storm set in, and a contrary wind faced them, with sleet and hail. Two men perished with cold. At eight o'clock the main column entered Trenton, having marched nine miles. Among the advance was Lieutenant James Monroe, who afterwards became President.

Washington correctly surmised that their Christmas carousals would leave his Hessian opponents in bad fighting order. Both divisions of the American Army moved so silently that they were not discovered by the enemy until within a short distance of the picket-guards on the outskirts of the village. A brisk skirmish then ensued. The Hessian drums beat to arms, and the disordered ranks were marshaled in battle order by their brave leader, Colonel Rahl. Some desperate fighting then took place in the streets of Trenton, but Colonel Rahl soon fell mortally wounded. This caused a panic among the Hessians, and they attempted to fly, but were surrounded and forced to surrender. Thirty-two officers and nearly one thousand soldiers, with their equipments, were captured. Washington retreated with his prisoners across the Delaware, but before doing so he visited Colonel Rahl on his deathbed.

The part of the programme relating to the passage of the Delaware was not enacted at this year's celebration, but soon after 8 o'clock, General Washington, represented by Mr. Peter Wilkes, led his forces to West Hanover Street, where the Hessians, under Mr. Abijah Anderson, who personated Colonel Rahl, were awaiting them. A vigorous attack was made by the patriots, and the streets of Trenton resounded with the roar of the artillery under the direction of Mr. Ernest C. Stahl. Still the Hessians fought gallantly, and it was not until General Sullivan, with the second division, marched through a side street and took them in the rear, that their ranks began to break. They were ruthlessly driven down State Street, and the first division was pressing hard upon them, raking them with shot and shell, when Assanpink Creek was reached.

The Hessians laid down their arms almost exactly opposite Washington Market House, which, as nearly as can be ascertained, is the precise spot on which Colonel Rahl's command at the close of the real Battle of Trenton surrendered to General Washington. After the surrender, the victors and the vanquished all received tickets entitling them to their dinner. They then formed in procession and paraded amicably side by side through the streets. At the dinner-table all was mirth and good-feeling, and even General Washington was compelled to show his ticket before he could enter the dining-room.

Thousands of strangers witnessed the display, and all seemed highly entertained. In the afternoon a mass meeting was held in Taylor Hall, where

speeches were made by General Rusling, Hon. W. H. Barton, Colonel J. R. Freese, Ex-Mayor Franklin S. Mills, Judge Naar, Captain Wilkes, and Captain E. C. Stahl.

#### EUROPEAN SILK CROPS.

ACCORDING to an important report, just issued by the Syndicate of the Lyons Union of Silk Merchants, the silk crop of Europe last year was, in round numbers, 9,500,000 lbs. of raw silk, while there were exported from Asia 11,500,000 lbs., making upwards of 20,500,000 lbs. of raw silk available for European consumption. The countries included in the report are Italy, France (with her dependencies, Corsica and Algeria), Spain, Greece, the Turkish Empire, Georgia, Persia, India, Japan and China. The first and last together supply four-fifths of the silk used in Europe. China exported from Shanghai upwards of 8,000,000 lbs. The crop of Italy amounted to 6,300,000 lbs. France supplied 1,600,000 lbs.; Spain about 310,000 lbs.; Greece, less than 30,000 lbs.; the Turkish Empire, 1,180,000 lbs.; Georgia and Persia, together 880,000 lbs.; India (from Calcutta), 935,000 lbs.; Japan something over 1,200,000 lbs. As to the present year's supply, the prospect is that it will exceed that of last year.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO INDIA is illustrated by views of three of its most remarkable scenes—the illumination of the great war-ships, and of the forest of one hundred and fifty merchantmen, stretching all around, which were riding at anchor on the placid waters of the ample harbor of Bombay, on the evening of the Prince of Wales's birthday, November 9th, which brilliant display the Prince enjoyed from the steam yacht *May Frere*; the banquet, November 11th, at which two thousand sailors, including a small number of soldiers, were entertained in the marquee on the Esplanade, and where the Prince in a speech of three lines toasted the Flying and Indian Squadrons; and, finally, the interior of one of the caves of Elephanta, on the island of Gharapur, four miles from the mainland, where, after inspecting, November 11th, the interior of the largest cave, which was lighted with pyramids of oil-lamps and various chandeliers, the Prince dined at a table placed just beneath the bust of the huge three-headed idol Siva upon whom the sacrilegious hands of unbelievers had fixed innumerable lamps.

THE INTERNATIONAL GUN AND POLO CLUB KNOWS no season, but offers one continuous round of pleasure—now a polo tournament, now a pigeon-shooting match, and now, at last, a grand fancy dress ball, which was held at the Brighton Pavilion. The very name, the Pavilion, calls up a host of bygone memories. How often, exclaims the London *Pictorial World*, has the "first gentleman of Europe," his Gracious Majesty George the Fourth, held his festival within its walls! How often beneath its curious roof has Beau Brummel aired his snuff-box and his impertinence, surrounded by an admiring crowd of bucks of the first water! But the Pavilion never witnessed a gayer scene than at this fancy dress ball of the Polo Club. The heavy grandeur of the rooms was lightened by a beautiful show of ferns and flowers. On the staircases were many fine effects of floral decoration. Chinese and Japanese lamps of every conceivable shape added lustre to the most brilliant variety of fancy costumes and ladies' superb dresses.

MICO LJUBORRATIC, the leader of the Herzegovinian insurgents, was born near Trebinje in September, 1839, and is a member of one of the leading families of the country. He speaks with perfect facility the principal languages of Europe. When sixteen years old he attempted to incite a rebellion among the Rayahs of Herzegovina, but was arrested by the Turks and imprisoned. Shortly after he escaped by jumping from a second-story window of his place of confinement. Two years later he led another insurrection in the northern districts, and again his efforts proved futile. He is terrible in battle, is always in the hottest of the fire, and yet is a marvel of coolness. At the battle of Kieek he was seen reading a letter from his wife while the Turkish bullets were spreading death around him.

LANDING COTTON AT LIVERPOOL, an operation very familiar to visitors to that and other seaport towns, is represented in our engraving, the original drawing for which was made by the late Mr. A. Boyd Houghton, the ingenious, imaginative and skillful draughtsman, whose recent death, at the early age of thirty-nine, was a serious loss to illustrated journalism.

THE RIGHT HON. S. CAVE, M.P., already known as a very useful member of the Government formed by Mr. Disraeli in February, 1874, has been selected to help the Khedive in effecting needed reforms of the financial and economic administration of Egypt. Mr. Stephen Cave is fifty-five years of age. He was educated at Harrow School, and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he took his degree of M.A. in 1846, and gained first-class honors. He was called to the Bar, and belonged a short time to the Western Circuit, but has rather attended to financial city business. He has been a Director of the Bank of England. In the year 1859 he was elected M.P. for Shoreham, and has acted as a staunch member of the Conservative Party. He held the offices of Paymaster-General and of Vice-President of the Board of Trade in the Disraeli Government from 1866 to 1868, and was also chief commissioner at Paris for negotiating the convention on the subject of fisheries. Upon the return of Mr. Disraeli to power last year, Mr. Cave was made Judge-Advocate-General, and soon afterwards Paymaster-General.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NOTES

FOR WEEK ENDING JAN. 1, 1876.

"JULIUS CÆSAR" was presented on Monday last in a style of great pomp and magnificence at Booth's. Mr. E. L. Davenport, Mr. Laurence Barrett, Mr. Milnes Lovick and Mr. F. C. Bangs sustained the rôles respectively of Brutus, Cassius, Julius Cæsar and Mark Anthony. "Crucible," at the Park, has been considerably condensed and improved, and was viewed by large houses during the week. . . . No alteration is announced in the bill at the Union Square, and it is thought that "Rose Michel" will hold to the close of the season in June. . . . The popularity of "Pique," at the Fifth Avenue, is as strong as when the piece was first produced. . . . Von Bilow gave the first week of his second series of concerts at Chickering Hall, and was ably assisted by several professional ladies and gentlemen. . . . The Wachtel troupe closed their engagement with "Il Trovatore" on Wednesday. They go hence to Philadelphia. . . . Wallack's was crowded through the week, the attraction being "The Romance of a Poor Young Man." Mr. Lester Wallack was announced to make his reappearance in Robertson's "Home" on the 3d. . . . A splendid Christmas pantomime, "The Four Seasons," with scenery by Matt Morgan, was the holiday feature at the pretty Eagle Theatre. . . . "Nimble Nip," a very clever pantomime, and an attractive variety bill, drew good audiences to the Olympic. . . . Miss Margaretta B. Moore, the accomplished dramatic reader, is to appear at Steinway Hall this month. She is now meeting with marked success in the West. . . . Local hits, sable wit, and rollicking oddities, were presented by the San Francisco Minstrels at their Broadway Hall.

#### CENTENNIAL NOTES.

SIGNOR PADOVANI has been chosen President of the Italian Commission.

THE Main, Machinery and Horticultural Halls are now ready for the reception of goods.

A NUMBER of French exhibitors will erect a splendid building for the display of bronzes.

THE expenses of the representation of Washington Territory will be met by popular contribution.

ENGLAND has a quaint group of three cottages, after the style of her Elizabethan era, already finished.

SOMEBODY has paid \$3,000 for the concession of the exclusive right to sell popcorn on the Grounds.

THE glass for the dome of the Art Hall has arrived from France, but will not be put in until warmer weather.

THE Buffalo Ladies' Centennial Entertainment Association is perfecting arrangements for a grand fancy dress ball.

THE Indiana editors propose visiting Philadelphia with their wives, January 16th, the party numbering about 200 persons.

PRINCE HERBERT, heir to the Viceroyship of Egypt, has decided to visit the Exhibition, and will start for America in June.

It has leaked out that nearly all the Foreign Commissioners have employed native detectives to watch the articles in their charge.

ABOUT forty different buildings are already upon the grounds or begun, and the number is likely to run up to at least fifty in the end.

ON the 26th of June next there will be a grand shooting match at the Park of the Philadelphia Rifle Club, by the National Sharpshooters' Union.

SIGNOR GIANNELLI, Italian Consul at Montreal, has taken up his residence in Philadelphia as the General Agent for the Centennial Commission of Italy.

A GRAND vocal and instrumental concert will be given in Concert Hall, Philadelphia, January 25th, by the Committee on Entertainment of the Press Club.

OFFENBACH has accepted an offer to direct personally the opera-bouffe performances to be given, and there are rumors that he will bring the great Schneider with him.

THE Common Council of Poughkeepsie, N.Y., directed that the dawn of the Centennial Year be greeted with a national salute, and the ringing of all the bells in the city.

A LARGE number of the ladies who appeared in costume at the recent Martha Washington Reception in the Philadelphia Academy wore the same dresses on New Year's Day.

WORKMEN are now employed at Chattanooga cutting a shaft of Tennessee coal one hundred feet in length, which is to be set up on its base. Can Pennsylvania itself match that?

APPLICATIONS were received last week from Belgium for 9,000 square feet of wall space in the Art Gallery, and from the Argentine Republic for 500 square feet in the same building.

A NORTHERN gentleman who is making a thorough tour of the Southern States writes: "In all my travels in the South I have not heard one word spoken prejudicial to the Centennial."

THE Botanical Garden will be in charge of Mr. Thomas Mingey, of the Botanical Gardens at Kew, England, who is very efficient, and full of information respecting his charge.

MAYOR STOKELY ordered that the façade of the State House be illuminated on New Year's Eve, and approved of the suggestion that the city militia drum out the Old Year and cheer in the New.

It has been decided that each Royal Academician of Great Britain may send two pictures to the Centennial, and each Assistant one. If all contribute, this arrangement will yield 104 works of art.

AT the request of the Agricultural Department at Washington, J. G. Lemmon, of Sierra Valley, Cal., is making an extensive collection of tree sections and of the general flora of the higher Sierra.

JUDGE MURDOCK, a rapt student of Indian antiquities, proposes to construct fac-similes of the work of the mound-builders in Iowa, and exhibit his large collection of implements used in their erection.

SIR EDWARD THORNTON, the British Minister, will entertain the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise during their sojourn, and the Brazilian Minister will look after the comforts of his august sovereign.

MR. MACKAY, the Australian Commissioner, at a farewell banquet tendered to him, stated that he proposed to travel extensively in the United States, and become thoroughly acquainted with their producing interest.

THE trade of Japan has increased so much that fourteen Japanese merchants visited the exhibition at Melbourne, Australia, where they exhibited \$20,000 worth of goods. These are the articles that have been shipped for Philadelphia.

JOHN H. CHANDLER, a citizen of the United States now temporarily residing at Bangkok, has been appointed Commissioner to represent the Kingdom of Siam, and was expected to leave for America with a large collection of goods in the latter part of December.

ANNOUNCEMENT is made that an international yacht regatta will take place in the harbor of New York in the latter part of June next, for which prizes and diplomas will be awarded, the whole affair being under the auspices of the United States Commission.

TWO Centennial propositions are before the California Legislature, one calling for the sum of \$50,000 to properly represent the State and its productions, and the other for the sum of \$25,000 to defray the expenses of a celebration for the Pacific Slope in San Francisco.

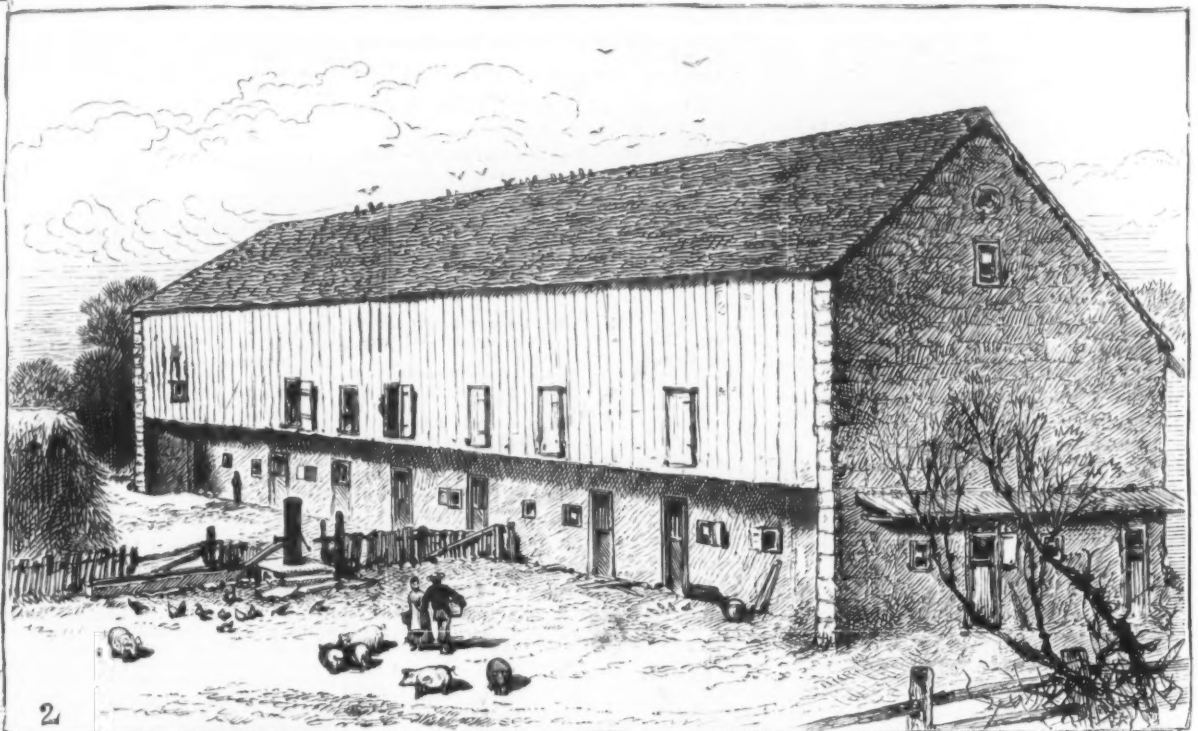
THE chair occupied by President Washington as W. M. of the Masonic Lodge at Alexandria, Va., is now in the possession of Unanimity Lodge, Ancient F. & A. M., at Edenton, N.C., whither it was sent for safe-keeping during the War of 1812. It is promised for the Centennial.

COLONEL LOPEZ FARRA, Count del Donadio and Alvaro de la Gaudora, Spanish Commissioners, are visiting the grounds to arrange about space and establish an office in Philadelphia. Two other Commissioners will come out in February and bring with them a company of military engineers.

A COLLECTIVE model, illustrative of the progress made by Holland in hydraulic engineering, consisting of groups of models of the principal great reclamation and other works undertaken by the State, is being completed by the Dutch Government for exhibition. The objects will be displayed to the public at Amsterdam before being shipped.

A FINE specimen of a Hudson River ice yacht has just been completed at the request of the United States Commissioners. She is sloop-rigged, and built of clean white pine, the side-pieces being cased with black walnut ornaments with gilt beating; the centre keelson is strengthened with a black walnut truss; the deck is of narrow, closely-jointed strips of red cedar and spruce, while the iron-work throughout is all handsomely nickel-plated.





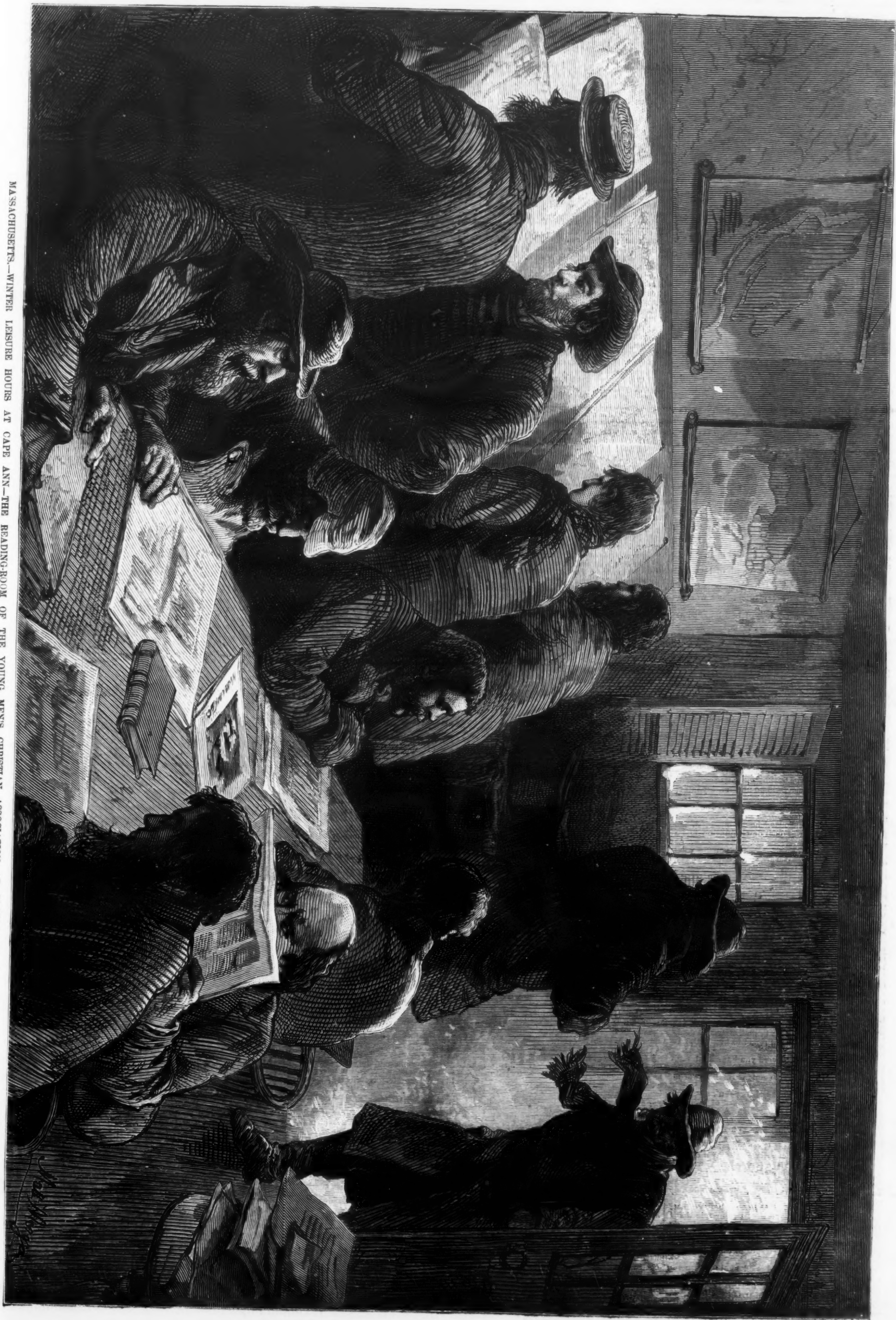
1. The Old Dutch Schoolhouse. 2. The Typical Dutch Barn. 3. The Farmhouse. 4. The Farmer and Farm-hands. 5. The Conestoga Wagon. 6. The Kitchen—Making Schnitz and Apple-butter.

THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH.—BACK COUNTRY SCENES—A DAY AMONG THE APPLE-BUTTER MAKERS, IN SEARCH OF THE ANTIQUE.  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 307.



Only 20 Cts. a month. No. 1—ready this day at all News Depots—of "Frank Leslie's POPULAR MONTHLY," a new Illustrated Magazine of 128 quarto pages—nearly double the size of the largest magazine—brimful of choice literature, and illustrated with eighty-one fine engravings. Buy a copy and judge of its merits.

MASSACHUSETTS.—WINTER LEISURE HOURS AT CAPE ANN.—THE READING-ROOM OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION AT GLOUCESTER.—SKETCHED BY JOSEPH BRUCKER.—SEE PAGE 306.





## TO A FRIEND.

BY VIOLET.

DEAR friend and true, if I could write  
As vividly as in my mind  
I hold you pictured, tender, kind,  
Then would you know my love aright.

From all I know, few friends are best,  
And some all friendships wholly shun;  
But, if we meet a trusty one,  
I hold that we are truly blest.

A friend that will lift up your head  
When by the world cast down in shame—  
The world that once sang loud your name  
Exultingly, till Fortune fled—

A friend who tries to stop the tongue  
Of Slander, knowing that he erred  
As deep as you, and was not spared,  
But rose and fought while Hope was young—

Such friend I pray heav'n send to you—  
One with a feeling heart, a mind  
Removed above the common kind,  
Compassionate, unswerving, true!

## Lady Gwendoline's Dream.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "THE STORY OF A WEDDING RING," "REPENTED AT LEISURE," ETC.

## CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED).

LANCELOT continued Gwendoline, "I fell at his feet in sore distress. He pretended to be sorry; he tried to raise me, but I would not let him touch me.

"If it be true," I said, "I will lie here until I die."

Sir Lancelot set his teeth—his breath came in great hot gasps.

"If I had been near," he said, hoarsely, "I would have set my foot on the villain's neck! Go on, Gwendoline," he added, "There will be a reckoning-day for him yet. Tell me all."

"He bent over me then, Lance, and he said:

"You love me, Gwendoline."

"I do not—I never did," I replied.

"Then you have deceived me," he declared. "You have been willing to talk to me, to laugh with me, to meet me out here on the hills. If you do not love me, you have deceived me. Why have you done this?"

"Then I saw that he had dug a pit for me, and that I had fallen into it. I seemed suddenly to understand his plot, and how he had laid it. The only thing I did not understand just at that moment was what he wished to gain by it. I looked indignantly at him, yet I felt like a helpless child.

"There has never been one word of love between us," I said, "and you know it."

"I know nothing of the kind," he asserted. "I have addressed you by every title that a woman loves best to hear."

"So he had; and, in my folly, I had laughed at it, thinking it a jest.

"That was jest, not earnest," I said.

"A man makes love in earnest, not in jest," he rejoined. "You know I loved you, and, if you had no love for me, why have you walked out with me day after day—why have you listened to me—why have you made excuses to meet me?"

"Lance, when brought face to face with my own folly, I was bewildered. Why had I done these things? Only from a childish impulse—only from a girlish love of fun.

"It is done now," he said, coolly, "and it is of no use making any disturbance about it. Of course I thought you would be pleased with such a romantic marriage; if you are not, I am very sorry, and we must make some arrangement—we must come to terms."

"You have laid a cunning plot, and it has succeeded!" I exclaimed on hearing these words. "You have made me a victim. I will go and tell my father all about it."

"I rose from the ground and walked quickly away. He followed me.

"Stop, Lady Gwendoline," he commanded, and I stopped, for there was quiet determination in his voice.

"Listen to me," he said, "before you do what can never be undone. You are very young—you do not understand the law, or the world's usages. There has been a mistake. I have done what I have done under the impression that you loved me; if you do not, it is all a mistake. But, take my advice—if you do not love me, and do not wish to live with me—do not tell Lord Lynmarche."

"I was still weak enough, Lance, to believe what he said.

"If you tell Lord Lynmarche that I have made you my wife he will compel you to live always with me; and, if you do not really like me, that would be very sad for you."

"I would rather die than ever speak to you again!" I cried.

"Dying is not so easy, and there are laws which compel a wife to speak to her own husband. But I am really very sorry, Lady Gwendoline. It is a mistake, and I regret it."

"After I had walked on for a few minutes, and the fresh air had cleared my brain, I began to doubt what I had heard. I turned round to him with new hope in my heart.

"I do not believe one word you have said, Captain Anderton. You are jesting with me—and it is a cruel jest. That absurd, empty ceremony was no marriage."

"He smiled grimly, and my heart sank again.

"I have seen marriages, and heard of them!" I cried, in my childish, futile indignation. "This is no marriage—none at all. There was no clergyman, no license, no ring—nothing that constitutes a marriage."

"You are wrong, Lady Gwendoline. There are laws and laws. Each country has its own method of performing the marriage ceremony. The English laws of marriage are clever and complicated; the law of Scotland, in its simplicity, seems to have been made for the convenience of people like myself."

"I do not believe it. I will never believe that, because you chose to say before two people that I am your wife, that makes me so. I am not your wife!"

"Why did you not say so at the time?" he asked, quietly. "You should have spoken then; it is useless now."

"I am not your wife!" I cried again. "Do you mean to tell me that any man can marry a woman against her will? It is monstrous!"

"You will find that our marriage is legal," he said; and, Lance, his firm, earnest manner began to impress me. "Inquire where you will, Lady Gwendoline, inquire of whom you will: consult the most learned lawyers, and you will find that legally you are my wife. No power can free you, Lady Gwendoline—I cannot free myself; but, as it is a

mistake, I am willing to do my best. I will never annoy you nor molest you—I will never tell any human being what has passed between us. You, in your turn," he went on, his face flushing with shame, "must promise that you will aid and befriend me."

"How can I aid you?" I asked.

"Why, you see, it is hardly fair to have so great a difference between husband and wife. You are so rich, and I am so poor."

"Then it is money you want, Captain Anderton?"

"Exactly so," he replied, trying to speak carelessly—it is money. You have a handsome allowance—you will have a grand fortune. Promise to allow me a certain sum, to be determined upon, per annum, when you obtain possession of your wealth, and I, on my part, will promise never to molest you, never to claim you as my wife, never to betray the imprudence of your conduct to any one."

"I saw it all then, Lance—I saw how cleverly he had laid his plot, and how easily I had been duped. I walked on, blindly, dumbly.

"You see, Lady Gwendoline," he continued, "there is much to be thought of. You may soon regret your promise, and say to yourself that it will be better to have a law-suit, and try the legality of the marriage. We will suppose that you do that, and that throughout the length and breadth of the land there is nothing spoken of but the case of Lady Gwendoline Lynmarche—the whole story of your imprudence, your wandering with me over these wild, lonely hills, the story of your secret marriage in an old Scotch manse. You would get the best lawyers to plead for you. I should do the same; and, knowing what clever lawyers can do, I ask you one question—even supposing the case were decided in your favor, what shred of character would remain to you after such a trial?"

"I am innocent!" I cried. "How dare you say such things to me?"

"I am only warning you as to what the world will say if you brave its opinion, Lady Gwendoline. Suppose that the case were decided in your favor, do you think that any man who values his name would share it with a woman who has figured in all the newspapers—with a woman whose story has been on every tongue?"

"Lance, I was so young, so credulous, that I believed what he said, and I began to look upon myself as lost beyond redemption. He must have seen how his words were beginning to influence me, for he went on:

"It would be a sad day for the Lynmarches to have a grand old name like theirs dragged through the mud and mire of a law-court. There was never a Lynmarche yet who disgraced his name."

"Nor will I. If I must buy your silence, I will pay the price you demand for it—the price of a man's honor and a woman's happiness. But, remember, I despise you."

"My words seemed to sting him—not into pity, but into something that resembled self-contempt. 'I have been deceived, too,' he said. 'I thought you loved me.'

"You did not. It has been no question of love, but rather one of money. You have never loved me, but from the first have thought and planned to turn me to profitable account."

"You are not altogether just to me, Lady Gwendoline," he remarked; "I might be much more grasping—I might force you to live with me, and then, instead of being content with a paltry allowance, I should be master of your fortune."

"I was too ignorant, Lance, to fight him with his own weapons—to tell him that I was under age, and could not marry without the consent of my father. He had an easy triumph over me."

"It is incredible," cried Sir Lancelot, "that any man should be such a villain. Surely, my darling Gwendoline, you did not believe yourself the coward's wife?"

"I did then—I do not now. That same night some friends of my father came from Inverary to dine with us, and amongst them there was a famous Q.C. Oh, Lance, my heart sinks now when I remember the torture of that evening!"

"You shall see who is right and who is wrong as to our marriage," whispered Captain Anderton to me. "Listen—I am going to speak to the eminent counsel; I shall tell him our story, and you will hear what he says."

"In the coolest, easiest manner possible he began; I heard my own story recited—he told it as an incident that he had heard. When he had finished the great Q.C. said:

"It was a marriage, certainly, although the lady could have obtained a release if she would." "An hour afterwards Captain Anderton came to me and, pretending to look over my book, whispered:

"You have heard the decision. Such a man as that seldom errs."

"I have heard," I returned, bitterly. "Name your price, and, if it is to be paid, rid me of your hated presence, and never dare to address me again."

"Mine is the winning move in the game," he laughed; and, Lance, I knew that he had spoken the truth—he had won and I had lost.

"I never had the least hope from that hour. All night long I lay sleepless and trembling, wondering what I could do, how I could free myself from the terrible toils into which I had fallen. It seemed to me then that my life was all over—that I might just as well die as live. How was I to live under the burden of this intolerable secret? If I had loved him, and had consented to a private marriage for my love's sake, that would have been a different matter; but I did not love him, I had no thought of marriage, he had been nothing to me but the amusing companion of an idle hour. Now I loathed him. His meanness, his greed, his treachery, disgusted me. I could not endure even to look at him. But in my ignorance I felt that he was master of my fate. On the morrow, when I went downstairs, he asked to speak to me. Oh, Lance, when he bent his face, smiling, into mine, I felt that I could have slain him!"

"We must make some arrangement," he said, "I think I shall be behaving very handsomely to you, Lady Gwendoline, if I consent to be content with a thousand per annum when you come into possession of your magnificent fortune."

"You shall have it," I promised. "I would give my last shilling rather than be compelled to live with you or to see you."

"A thousand per annum," he repeated; "and until that time I shall expect you to provide me, from your allowance, with any small sums of money that I may require; and, if I should by any chance have the misfortune to fall into debt, you will, of course, clear me."

"I promised. You see, Lance, I would have promised anything rather than have been obliged to parley further with him."

"We cannot have any documents drawn up," he said, "until you are of age, and can legally sign them; but you must clearly understand one thing, Lady Gwendoline. I have a right to the money, and, if you fail to pay it, I shall simply claim you as my wife, and the law will compel you to live

with me. Pay the money regularly, and you shall not hear from me again."

"You have spoiled my life," I moaned.

"Oh, Lance, I was so helpless! All the fear of my whole being seemed merged in the one great horror lest my folly should be found out. I believe now that, if I had gone at once to my father, and told him my story, I should have been saved."

"I cannot imagine why you did not," observed Sir Lancelot.

"I was afraid," confessed Lady Gwendoline; "Captain Anderton had deceived me so completely. I quite believed what he said, that, if I went to my father, and told him, I should be compelled to live with him. Now I see it was but a threat. At seventeen, Lance, a girl feels instead of reasons—I never reasoned about the matter at all. Captain Anderton was very clever. In my society he was always talking about the Scotch marriage-law, until people began to laugh at him. And then my father began to dislike him. I overheard him say one day to Sir Charles Vyvian:

"I have made a mistake in asking that young Anderton here. There is nothing Saxon about him except his name. He has the manners of an adventurer—nothing more."

"When Captain Anderton found my father cold, and our friends distant, he spoke of going. I could never tell you how great my relief was. Oh, Lance, I loathed him so! I longed for him to go. It seemed to me that I could never breathe freely while he was in the house. I had not exchanged one word with him since he told me the terms he required. If he entered a room, I left it; and one morning, to my intense joy, he announced his departure."

"You will hear from me when you come of age," he said. "Until then—unless there be anything the matter—I shall not trouble you."

"He had the presumption to hold out his hand to me."

"I shall never touch the hand of a swindler," I said. "You are going, but you take with you my utter detestation."

"He laughed, and went away, but not without making every arrangement. I breathed freely. On the same evening my father spoke of him again. I overheard him saying that he would never again take a man upon trust, or because he had a Saxon name. Yet he knew nothing more about him than this, that he had evinced in all his words and ways a complete want of principle."

"Then we left Scotland. I do not say much to you, Lance, of what I thought, felt, or suffered. It would be so useless, dear; words are weak. One thing I must tell you. After the first sense of despair had passed, I began to wonder if Captain Anderton had deceived me—if it were possible, after all, that it was no marriage, even according to Scotch law. What do you think I did, Lance? I dared not go to a lawyer; but, inclosing a good fee, I wrote—not in my own name—to one who is supposed to be very clever, for his opinion. He answered my letter, and said that he could not pronounce the marriage valid, and that, if either party to the contract disputed it, there was fair ground for trial. I wrote back to him and told him more than I had at first. His answer was the same—there was fair ground for trial."

"But, Gwendoline, it is incredible. You are no more that man's wife than you are mine."

"It matters little now," she returned, drearily. "You do not mean to tell me that you intend this absurd state of things to continue, Gwendoline? It drives me mad to think of it. That man has deceived you from first to last. It was no marriage. How could a woman be married against her will? The Scotch law may be bad enough, but it is not so bad as that. You are no wife, Gwendoline. He was a villain, you a child, and he saw his way to obtain money from you. He knew you did not love him—how could you? He knew you would never marry him—again, how could you? He laid a trap, and you, poor simple child, fell into it."

"Yes, I have thought so since," she allowed. "It shall not go on, Gwendoline; he must be punished, my darling. You are not his wife; he never had even the least shadow of a legal claim upon you. I know sufficient of Scotch and English law to be quite sure of that. Gwendoline, you need have no cause of fear—you are not his wife."

"She raised her pale, beautiful face to the skies, and clasped her hands as one who prayed. "I am thankful for that," she said.

"And this state of things must be ended at once," he pursued. "It is monstrous that it should continue. He must be hunted down and punished."

"Then she turned to him with a clear, cold light on her face and a calm resolve in her eyes.

"I thank you, Sir Lancelot," she said, "for having made me feel happier. I am glad no tie binds me to this man. But I must ask for your patience while I tell you more. I shall never marry."

"But there is not even a shadow of fear that that absurd ceremony was legal."

"That much I am thankful for, and am happy to hear, but it will not change my resolution. I would rather die than have my story known."

"It is only the story of a noble girl basely deceived," he cried.

"I know it—I know that the utmost any one can blame me for is this—I laughed and talked with him. I went out with him. They were trifling indiscretions, but I shall have to pay the price of my life's happiness for them."

"You shall do no such thing, Gwendoline," he remonstrated.

"She turned her face to his.

"I do not think, Lancelot, that you understand me yet. I am proud—proud beyond the generality of women. You say that the revelation of my story would not injure me—would not cause people to think less of me. I tell you that I would rather suffer any torture, any death, than have it made known."

"But, Gwendoline, what could it matter? You would be my wife, and no one would then dare to whisper one word about you."

"She raised her eyes to his, and they were full of tears.

"Your wife, dear? No, never—I love you too well. Your wife should be some girl on whom not even the shadow of blame has ever fallen. I should not be able to bear it; if, when people spoke of me, they designated me as 'Sir Lancelot's wife,' the girl about whom there was so queer a story once upon a time."

"No one would say so, dear."

"Ah, yes, plenty would. I know that a scandal such as that would never die quite away. There must be no shadow on your wife's name—none."

"Her voice died away in a low murmur broken by sobs.

"Let me judge of that," he said. "It is my name, dear; let me place it in your hands. I am quite content if you will only share it."

"No," she returned, sadly, "do not plead to me, Lance; it is hard enough to refuse. My dower is a dower of shame; you shall have none of it."

"Will you coolly and deliberately break my heart, because two years ago a swindler deceived you by a story almost too shallow to deceive a child?"

"Ah, Lance, you are angry. Do not be angry,

dear; it is all useless—love, persuasion, entreaties, are all useless. I can never be your wife. You will thank me for it in years to come," she continued, "when some fair and noble woman stands by your side—some one who has added lustre to your name, and who is spoken of with reverence and honor. You will thank me then, and own that I did well to refuse to share my darker destiny with you."

"And though so proud, so haughty, so calm, she bent her head until her face was buried in her hands, and then she wept passionate tears.

"My love, my love, we must part," she sobbed. "Life holds nothing for us. We must be apart for evermore."

"Gwendoline," said Sir Lancelot, in a low voice, "I cannot bear it, dear; you torture me—you drive me mad. I know you are the dearest, the purest, the noblest of women. My darling, what can idle rumor, idle scandal matter to us? Will you break my heart to gratify your pride?"

"I should break your heart indeed if, after I married you, my name and yours were to be on every lip. I could not brook the disgrace."

"There might not be any. Your betrayer might be well inclined to let the whole matter die out. If money could purchase his silence once, it might again. It is possible that he might hesitate if he were well paid."

"He would not," she affirmed. "He swore to me, when I saw him last, that if ever I thought of marriage he would bring the case at once for trial."

"He might say so, but I do not think he would do it," said Sir Lancelot.

"She drew near to him, and clasped her hands round his arm.

"Lance, I have a terrible fear. Under cover of the darkness of night he has been here twice for money. Each time, in fear and trembling, I have been compelled to get all the money I could, and give to him; and it struck me—I hate the words as I speak them—I hate myself as I utter them—it struck me that he loves me with a jealous, terrible love, and I feel quite sure that if he heard only the rumor of my approaching marriage, he would carry out his threat."

"Sir Lancelot's face grew white with anger. "Loves you?" he cried. "Heaven give me patience!"

"I am afraid of him, Lance," she said, shuddering. "Though I am no coward, I am afraid of him. See, my hands tremble; I am afraid. Nothing can free me from him—nothing but his death or mine."

"The words died away in the silver mist, but the time was coming when Sir Lancelot would remember them."

"Gwendoline," he said, suddenly, "you do love me? Tell me so again."

"I love you with all my heart," she replied. "And but for this you would be my wife?"

"I would not ask any happier fate of heaven," she answered.

"Will you leave matters to me, dear? I am better versed in the ways of the world than you are. I can meet a man like that, and manage him better than you can. Will you trust everything to me?"

"Oh, Lance, do not ask me!"

"But I do ask you, dear. Do you suppose that I can calmly contemplate the fact of your life and mine being completely blighted for the sake of a villain who has traded on a girl's ignorance? If he will listen to reason, well and good; if he is poor and needy, he shall not want money; but, if he attempts to injure you, I will take him in hand, and I will crush him. Gwendoline, you would trust me with your own fate, surely you will trust me in this matter."

"But he might hurt you," she objected.

"Nay, sweet," Sir Lancelot laughed, "I am not a girl for him to frighten, nor a woman for him to threaten. Such men as he are apt to cower before an honest man. Give me his address, and I will see him."

"Oh, I am sore afraid. Let the affair rest, dear."

"Nay, it shall not rest; your fair life shall not be clouded by a villain's treachery. Tell me where I can find him. Do not tremble, Gwendoline; believe me, I will think of you first—I will study your interest before my own happiness. If I find that I cannot punish him without the public betrayal of your story, he shall go free; if I find that I cannot procure your freedom from his persecution without betraying your secret, then you shall be obeyed, and the matter shall rest where it is. Now do you trust me, dear?"

"Implicitly," she said. "The address of Captain Anderton is the Albany, in London. Now you know all."

"And it was the remembrance of the wicked deception that had been practiced on you that made you think you must be on your guard?" he interrogated.

"Yes—I dared not confess to liking you."

"Then, Gwendoline, if it had not happened that, returning accidentally to speak to you, I had overheard what you said, you would have dismissed me—you would have sent me away from you, and never told me whether you loved me or not? Would that have been fair, dear?"

"Perhaps not. But what was I to do? I knew that I loved you, Lance, and I knew my own story. Sending you away seemed the only thing that could be done."

"Thank heaven it did not succeed!" said Sir Lancelot. "Gwendoline, I have an idea that I shall come back triumphant and happy, and claim you as my wife."

"She gave a great sigh of relief. If it could but be that this terrible cloud might pass away—if it could but be!

"Listen to me, Gwendoline," continued Sir Lancelot. "I shall go to London at once. You say his address is the Albany. I will go there and see him. Rest assured, dear, that we shall come to terms, and that I can manage him; and, when I have settled with him, I shall come back and ask the noblest girl in England to be my wife."

"You are so good to me, Lance," she said, "so kind! Do you think that I shall ever be happy and light of heart again? Shall I, Lance?"

"Yes; and soon, too. I have but to find Captain Anderton, to arrange with him, and return; and then, Gwendoline, we will forget this dark episode."

"So, with hope renewed, they both walked home through the clinging silver mist and the changing light.

(To be continued.)

## WINTER LEISURE HOURS AT CAPE ANN.

READING-ROOM OF THE Y. M. C. A. AT GLOUCESTER, MASS.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., is a place where there is "nothing but doth suffer a sea-change." It is of the sea, salty. All its history, all its traditions, all its interests, all its thoughts and hopes, are flavored with the ocean-breezes. It is essentially a fishing-town, and all the inhabitants are identified, more or less, with the ancient calling of the fisherman. Their field is the sea, their harvest the finny denizens of the deep. Blight and weevil, grasshoppers and potato-bugs, ram and drought, crops



and grain-corn, live stock and cattle-fodder, and hundreds of other questions that continually agitate their agricultural neighbors, have but little interest for the dwellers on the peninsula of Cape Ann. Neither do the manufacturing interests of the country occupy much of their attention. There are no long rows of cotton-mills, no foundries, with smoke-belching chimneys, nor huge shoe-factories, such as are found in so many of the towns of Massachusetts. The coming and the going of the fleets, manned by the brave fishermen, furnish all there is of activity in the everyday life of the place. But quiet as the little town looks, there hovers over it continually a sense of excitement and a dash of romance. Every dark cloud that settles over the sea casts a shadow over some household on the land. Every gale that blows from the ocean speaks in the listening ear of some anxious watcher on the shore. Every year the sea demands its quota of lives from among the inhabitants of Gloucester. Each year some vessels leave its port never to return. Thickly studded as is the little graveyard with white tablets, it is the last sleeping-place of but a portion of "the rude forefathers of the hamlet," many lying far away in the sea-sands. No wonder the adieu is touching when the fleets sail away, and the greetings hearty when the ships come sailing back. And it is not surprising that everything about the town has a sea-flavor.

We this week present an illustration of the Young Men's Christian Association Reading-room at Gloucester. In the busy fishing season the fishermen are seldom found on shore, and many brave the sea at all seasons, but the severe winter months necessarily prevent many from following their calling. A group, such as our artist has sketched, can be found on winter days in the unpretentious reading-room. The visitors are characteristic specimens of the hardy men of Gloucester. Not a man among them but has met danger upon the sea; not one but can tell stories of shipwreck and disaster. These men, as a class, are admirably fitted for the business they follow. Most of them were born and reared by the sea, and entering upon their calling early in life with all the energy of youth, they laid the foundation of robust health and fearless bravery so indispensable to those that go down to the sea in ships.

## BACK COUNTRY LIFE IN PENNSYLVANIA.

A DAY AMONG THE APPLE-BUTTER MAKERS OF SINKING SPRINGS—SIGHTS AND SCENES AT A DUTCH FARM THAT HAS THE FLAVOR OF ANTIQUITY ABOUT IT.

A SONG of questionable origin, and quite uncertain melody, which is very popular with the frequenters of variety entertainments, contains a legend to this effect:

"Oh, dark and dismal was the day,  
When last I saw my Meg."

On just such a day the writer of this article, and an artist, landed at the village of Sinking Springs, five miles from Reading, Pa., in search of the Antique. It had been raining steadily for several days, and the country around seemed like a sponge. The freshly-painted sign of the Plum Hotel, which stared at us through the mist, had its red and white glories dampened by the moisture to such an extent that the announcement "entertainment for man and beast" seemed to presage the coldest of welcomes. Two or three loungers sat in a steaming way upon a clumsy bench, and looked at us curiously as we splashed through the yellow mud towards the entrance. Drip, drip, drip, came the rain from the roof-top, and the window-panes were all in tears. Still, once inside, the radiance of a stove in the corner, and the other possibilities of the establishment, combined to dispel the gloom that had settled upon us as the two o'clock P. M. train sped shrieking on its way, and left Sinking Springs lying before us to conquer.

We had come for the Antique. Ours was the intention to turn backward the pages of the volume of Time, and to limn in sketch-book and note-book such peculiarities of life and architecture as had survived the restless progression of events. In other places the banners of civilization were carried proudly in the van of enterprise, and Keeley motors and patent pills flowered together. In other places the pulse of the world throbbed feverishly, and the face of the hour had a hectic flush. But we had been told that in Sinking Springs we would find an Arcadian existence which only needed clear weather and the spectacle of a few daintily dressed shepherdesses feeding their sheep upon the hillside to revive all our Sophomore recollections of Virgil's bucolic songs. We didn't have the clear weather, and the shepherdesses were not on the hillside, and indeed they could not have been there, unless with wraps and umbrellas, without catching cold. And wraps and umbrellas are well calculated to knock the poetry out of any Arcadian dream. But we had risked all this deprivation when we boldly bought our tickets amid the glitter and glare of that star-fish depot at Reading, and were determined to look for the Antique in the rain. And, besides, was not the Centennial approaching apace, and would not our researches at Sinking Springs be of the most inestimable value as notes deciphered from the faded pages of one hundred years ago? So with something of the spirit of Mr. Smith of the British Museum when he took the commission of the London *Telegraph* and went down into Assyria to guess at the hieroglyphics to be found there, we addressed ourselves to the bartender.

Did he know of any real old farmhouses, barns and taverns? Well, he rather thought he did. There was Mr. Koeschepyer's place in the village, about half a mile back, and that of Mr. Blinkenthaler. How old? Oh, ever so old—more than a hundred years; and, as for taverns, there was the Farmers' and Drovers', that had been there ever since the Flood, not to mention the Farmers' and Travelers', further up the hill, which was hoary with age when the oldest inhabitant was a baby.

From the voluble attendant at the Plum Hotel we learned a great many things of interest, and some, still of interest, the recital of which does not fall naturally within the province of this article. He was very free to inform us upon all points touching the social life of the inhabitants of Sinking Springs, and in the space of five minutes we were placed *en rapport* with an elopement that had been defeated, a marriage that was on the *tapis*, and many other events of an entirely domestic nature. What we did learn of concern to us was that the real village of Sinking Springs, or, rather, the old portion of it, was a mile or so back in the country. There was nothing to do but to walk the distance, for, with the exception of a team of sad-eyed mules that tugged up the hill—drawing after them a ponderous wagon which was an absolute fac-simile of the Conestoga arrangement that used to carry the mails and freight over the Alleghany Mountains years ago—and a drowned horse in a splashed buggy that looked as if it belonged to the village doctor, there was

no sign of conveyance. We started, climbing painfully a slippery street that ran hither and thither in the most confused of manners. Once at the top, we paused to moralize upon the situation and the view. Beneath us lay the modern Sinking Springs glaring in its pine-board and painted pretentiousness, with here and there a flowering excrecence of brick and mortar. Before us was the gray-headed and sombre Sinking Springs of the time when Revolutionary fires lit the skies bending over us so sullenly. In an instant, standing there in the rain, we appreciated the importance of our mission. We were crossing the threshold of a century, walking from the past into the present. The Antique lay before us.

Down a long, shambling, awkward street, flanked by stone houses of a nondescript appearance, with here and there a "village smithy" whose ruddy interior contrasted strangely with the disagreeableness of the weather outside, we proceeded as gracefully as the necessity for jumping over puddles would permit. Our objective point was an immense barn whose red-tiled roof flamed dimly against the frowning sky. It was a perfect patriarch of barns, with overhanging eaves where the pigeons dwelt, and a protruding second story under which the pensive kine, standing knee-deep in refuse corn-stalks, complacently chewed their cud. It was a barn about which hung the memories of the bygone times as the mists hung about its gabled roof. "A darling of a barn," as Job enthusiastically remarked, whipping out his book and falling to a drawing of it, utterly oblivious of the fact that he stood in the muddiest of puddles, and that several democratic porcine creatures came gruntingly to inquire about the invasion of their sloughy domain.

After the barn was sketched, our attention was attracted by an octagonal building on the other side of the road, at the door of which stood a fair-haired girl, of about eleven years, watching the mysterious limning of the barn with all the curiosity of which her great blue eyes were capable. Approaching her, we learned that the building was used formerly as a schoolhouse, but that now it was occupied by her father and mother and their family. She also volunteered the information that there were two rooms made out of the one-story edifice by the ingenious device of a partition. After making a sketch of the schoolhouse, it was determined to visit the dwelling on the farm to which the barn belonged. We had observed, during the manufacture of the sketches, that the work was not unnoticed by the occupants. Ever and anon at one of the windows there appeared a face—in every instance a feminine one—which expressed the liveliest interest in the operation. Pushing through a gate, that swung gratefully upon its rusty hinges, we walked up the lawn, and would have proceeded boldly to the door across the porch but for the discovery of a huge, shaggy dog, a Cerberus-like creature, that guarded the portal. Believing, with many redoubtable warriors, that prudence was by far the better part of valor, we halted sagaciously at the stoop, and sought to attract the inmates by a ratiaplan upon one of the posts. But whether it was the driving rain, or the wind, which sang its sad refrain continually, that prevented our summons being heard, it is certain that no one came to bid us welcome.

"Go on up," said Joe. "You are not afraid of a dog, are you?" There was something of scorn in the tone of our companion, as he moved off a little way into a place of safety, which determined us. We were not afraid of a dog, on general principles, and so, after adjuring him to see that our wife and children were properly cared for in case of any disaster, we went up and knocked lustily upon the door. Happily, the dog did not move, and in another moment we stood in the kitchen of the farmhouse. A quaint old kitchen it was, with its high mantel, open fireplace, and antique dresser. An aged man came to us, with faltering steps, and bade us be seated. A comely girl of some eighteen summers was busily ironing by a window. In an inner room the mother of the family, surrounded by several of her daughters, was employed in the manufacture of divers articles of female apparel. Perhaps we had stumbled on the tresseau preparation of the wedding alluded to in the modern village beyond! That interesting fact we never knew.

It took but a few moments and as many words to be perfectly at home, and although the old gentleman and lady and their buxom lasses could not understand how two individuals who looked as if they possessed the average article of common sense could come tramping through rain and mud to sketch a barn and farmhouse, still they were not obtrusive in their curiosity, and all feeling of restraint soon wore away. Quite luckily, the manufacture of apple-butter was in progress in an ante-kitchen, and we had an opportunity of observing how that appetizing sauce is made. The ancient agriculturist gave the information, interspersed with exclamations of surprise at our ignorance upon the subject. "And don't you make apple-butter in New York?" he asked. We essayed to tell him that the industry did not obtain greatly in the metropolis, but it was easy to see by the deprecating shake of his head that New York had fallen greatly in his esteem. Making apple-butter is not a very complicated matter. What our venerable friend called the *schultz* (dried apples) are boiled in a huge vessel with cider, being constantly stirred and spiced the while. When the proper degree of pulpiness is attained, the compound is dished out and placed to one side to cool. It is then taken to market and sold. A great deal of apple-butter is consumed in Philadelphia, but in this city it is something of a rarity. It is certainly palatable, when spread upon bread, as we had the opportunity of ascertaining later on in the afternoon, when we dined at the Farmers' and Drovers' Hotel in the village, of which interesting hostelry and its peculiar life we will tell in another sketch.

The group engaged at the farmhouse in cutting the *schultz* and attending to the boiling of the compound, were, so far as the men were concerned, the farm-laborers whose outdoor work was interrupted by the storm. They seemed very contented with the change, as they sat there eying us furtively and talking in that nondescript language known as Berks County Dutch. It was evident that an Ulster worn by our artist was under hot discussion, and it was furthermore evident that it was the first of the kind ever seen in Sinking Springs.

It was constantly evident, also, during the muddy tramp of that day, that if a high range of intelligence did not obtain among the farm-hands, male and female, the most placid contentment did. A group that we met as they were coming from the wet fields showed in their stolid and almost expressionless faces that vacancy which comes naturally to those constantly subjected to the solitude of a country life. They rarely go to Reading even, and when they do it is a *fête* day. As for Philadelphia, it is simply a glittering possibility, and New York is a far-away dream, scarcely believed in, save as the coral isles are credited in an old sailor's yarns.

But to return to the farmhouse. As we chatted with the old man and his pretty daughter, who paused in her ironing to enjoy the novel sensation of entertaining strangers all the way from New

York, we elicited a great deal of information about the locality and the farm. The barn is older than the house, having been built in 1771, at a time when Reading was but a baby of a borough. At first the dwelling-house was a little stone affair, now used as a place for the storage of odds and ends, but as the golden harvests brought their meed of wealth it was found necessary to construct a more commodious and modern edifice—the present one—which was built at the first flush of the century. No doubt it was thought very stylish then, as compared with the dwellings of a still more remote period wherein wooden bowls, trenchers and noggins were used in preference to the tin and pewter vessels which forced their way into fashion but tardily—the gentlemen who cut their meat with their hunting-knives objecting to mere articles of ornamentation which dulled the edges of their weapons. But still, in these days of brownstone palaces, the house—or, rather, the kitchen, for that was all we saw thoroughly—had a most ancient appearance, and it needed but little exercise of the imagination to conjure up the mode of life of the last century, and people the apartment with rude burghers, with heavy boots and smockfrocks, sitting down to a supper of hog and hominy, with Johnny-cake as a side-dish delicacy.

After the sketch was made, and we had been induced to drink success to the Centennial in a goblet of home-made cider, which the rural Hebe brought from the recesses of the spacious cellar, we bade adieu to our friends, and started down the muddy road to the village, thoroughly satisfied with our first attempt at snaring the Antique. Behind the capacious drum-stove of the Farmers' and Drovers' Hotel we watched the lights twinkling into existence in the scattered farmhouses, and listened to the patter of the rain upon the roof, while the pleasant landlord flustered about in the preparation of our supper. The Farmers' and Drovers' Hotel is haunted with memories and echoes of the dead century, and sitting there in a dreamy state, we could almost fancy that we heard the clatter of Revolutionary spurs and saw the gleam of Continental epaulets in the dusky barroom. But of the hotel, and its peculiar life, we will speak in another paper.

## SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

IN LYONS A KIND OF CLOTH is now prepared from the down of hens, ducks, etc. One square metre of a light and very warm fabric, which is waterproof, is yielded by 750 grms. of feathers, and admits of being dyed in all shades.

M. FRIEMANTEL, Professor of Geology in the University of Breslau, and for many years an active member of the Imperial Institute of Geology, who accepted the post of geologist to the Geological Survey of British India early in the year, has transmitted to the Imperial Institute a set of specimens of the Jurassic and Infra-jurassic Flora of India.

TO WITHSTAND MUD AND WATER two or three inches deep, for ten hours a day for a week, without feeling any dampness or having any difficulty in getting your boots on or off, give the bottoms a good coating of tallow and tar, and dry it in; then oil the uppers with castor-oil—about one tablespoonful will be sufficient. The effect of castor-oil is to soften the leather, while it fills the pores and prevents the water from entering.

THE AUTHORITIES ARE NOW having much of the stone-colored paint removed from the walls and carvings of the interior of the Houses of Parliament. It was a cause for amazement when the authorities of a former day in Westminster had this stonework painted to imitate stone, although the natural tint of the material was a remarkably rich and beautiful one, and although its color was one of the best grounds for employing this particular stone.

THE "IO" OF SPARTA announces the discovery of an excellent statue of Hercules, in his legendary position, holding in one hand his club, and in the other the skin of the Nemean lion. Steps are to be taken at once to remove it to the museum which has just been built. Unhappily, this museum is too small for the collection that Sparta already possesses. It ought, surely, to have been foreseen that a museum built in the very centre of the Peloponnese could not fail soon to be enriched with many new objects.

THE ARCHEOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES which members of the French School at Athens have made at Santorin are of much interest. Vases have been discovered of a pre-historic date, strange to Greek civilization, having a kind of family resemblance to those found by M. Schliemann. They were skillfully restored by M. Burnouf before his much-regretted departure from Athens, and are now to be seen in the French School. In accordance with the law, an inventory was drawn up of the objects discovered, and laid before the Greek Government.

M. CESNOLA, Consul of the United States at Larnaca, in Cyprus, has made an important discovery at Episcopi, near Limassol, in the foundations of the old city of Cursum. He has brought to light the tomb of some great personages of an early period. In the tomb were found bracelets, a collar ornamented with precious stones, and a sceptre of massive gold weighing several pounds. The bracelets are of fine gold, and exquisitely wrought. These treasures, like those which M. Cesnola has formerly discovered, go to enrich the museum at New York.

DR. ULTMANN, teacher at the University of Vienna, lately read a paper before the Medical Society of Lower Austria on the "Use of Photography in Medical Studies." He mentioned, on the authority of Dr. Vogel, that an eruption of smallpox had been made evident by photography twenty-four hours before it actually came out. Although no one could yet observe anything on the skin of the patient, the negative plate showed stains on the face, which perfectly resembled the various exanthems, and twenty-four hours afterwards the eruption became clearly evident.

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM has lately acquired a magnificent Japanese cabinet, or rather shrine, closed by double doors, the inner pair of which is formed by rods of gilded metal, between which a green woven fabric is stretched; this material is transparent enough to admit an imperfect view of the interior, with its back of richly gilded plates, its pillars of most delicate carving, an entablature supported by the last being crowded by minutely wrought figures of animals over this on the gables of a roof. This is one of the most important specimens of Japanese art in the country, and will shortly be exhibited. The large collection of Persian ware, a fabric in which the Museum at South Kensington is exceptionally rich, is in course of arrangement.

THE FAMOUS PLAIN OF MARATHON has been drained with complete success by M. Soutzo. The *Ephemeris* takes occasion to remark that this will effect a modification in the topography of Attica. In effect the existence of the marsh explains the defeat of the Persian army by one ten times less numerous. The Persians, encumbered with forces which could only hinder one another during the action, were helpless when victory was declared for the Athenians. Between the sea and the marsh they were completely blocked in, and the retreat soon transformed itself into a total and bloody rout. One thousand five hundred hectares of good land have been gained by the drainage, and the inhabitants will be saved from the fevers that hitherto have periodically attacked them.

## PERSONAL GOSSIP.

ADELAIDE's heart now goes Patti-pit beneath a \$12,500 fur cloak.

GOVERNOR BEDLE of New Jersey has received the degree of LL.D. from Princeton College.

THE oldest officer of the Prussian Army is Field-Marshal von Wrangel, who will complete next year the ninety-second year of his life, and the eightieth year of service in the Prussian Army.

HERR KRUPP, the great German gun-maker, has intimated to his Government that he is ready to produce a one-hundred-and-fifty-ton gun of forty-six centimetres calibre, or about eighteen and one-half inches.

THE Marquis of Lorne is connected with a society the object of which is to give to every Church of England clergyman settled over a parish a salary of \$1,000 a year. There are 4,000 benefices which do not yield that amount. The marquis is disinterested, for he is himself a Presbyterian.

THE aged mother of Chavez, the late California bandit, is still living at Hollister, Cal., and is said to be a very respectable woman. She wept when she learnt that her erring son had been shot, but said that she was glad he had died thus, instead of being captured alive and hanged like his captain, Vasquez.

DR. PETERMAN, the great German geographer, expresses himself satisfied that the diamond fields at Zim-babue, Africa, are identical with the Ophir of the Bible from which King Solomon is said to have conveyed gold and ivory and precious stones for the construction of the temple. The place now possesses ruins and extensive piles of buildings of unquestionably remote antiquity.

THE will of the late Charles B. Winn, of Woburn, Mass., bequeaths \$3,000 to the town of Woburn for the purposes of a burying-ground, \$15,000 to the first Unitarian Church at that place; and for a public library, \$140,000; his private pictures, valued at \$20,000, and, in addition, two-thirds of the remaining property, after paying certain legacies, the whole amounting to \$250,000.

CHEN-LAN-PIN, one of the two Chinese ministers appointed for the United States, about a year ago was a special commissioner to Cuba to look into the condition of coolies in that country, and subsequently was Commissioner of Chinese Education in the United States. His associate is supposed to be Yung-wung, who graduated at Yale in 1854, and who has been an assistant Commissioner of Chinese Education in this country for several years.

SIGNOR SELLA, ex-Minister of Finance, has been elected President of the Roman Academy of the Lincei; Senator Mamiani, Vice-President, and the Astronomer Respighi, Administrator. At the same time the secretaries for the section of physical science, mathematics and natural history have been chosen in the persons of Professors Volpicelli and Gori. The Orientalist Valentini and Deputy Carutti have been elected secretaries for the section of moral science and philology.

THE late Joel Parker's bequest to Dartmouth College provides, first, a law department. For this object he has left property valued at from \$90,000 to \$150,000. This is for constituting three funds in support of the proposed law department, viz.: An instruction fund, a library fund and a building fund. Second, increase of the Dartmouth College Library. Some time ago he, with his brothers, established a fund called the "Parker Fund," for the benefit of the library. In his will he adds to the sum \$12,000.

COLONEL ABRENDUP, whose death, at the head of an Egyptian Army Corps which was cut to pieces by the Abyssinians, was reported by telegraph, was a Dane by birth, and brother of the young Dr. Abrendrup, who, during the siege of Paris, was placed at the head of all the French ambulances, and who, when he died from the effects of overwork, was granted a public funeral at the expense of the State, with all the honors due to a General of Division. A third brother is a distinguished officer in the Royal Danish Engineers.

LORD PENANCE fixed January 4th as the day for hearing the charges against the Rev. C. J. Ridsdale, incumbent of St. Peter's, Folkestone. This will be the first case under the Public Worship Regulation Act of Great Britain. The promoters deposited £300, the amount required from them as security for the costs. Mr. Ridsdale is charged with using lighted candles on the Communion Table, mixing water with the sacramental wine, using wafer bread, adopting the eastward position, wearing illegal vestments and indulging in illegal processions.

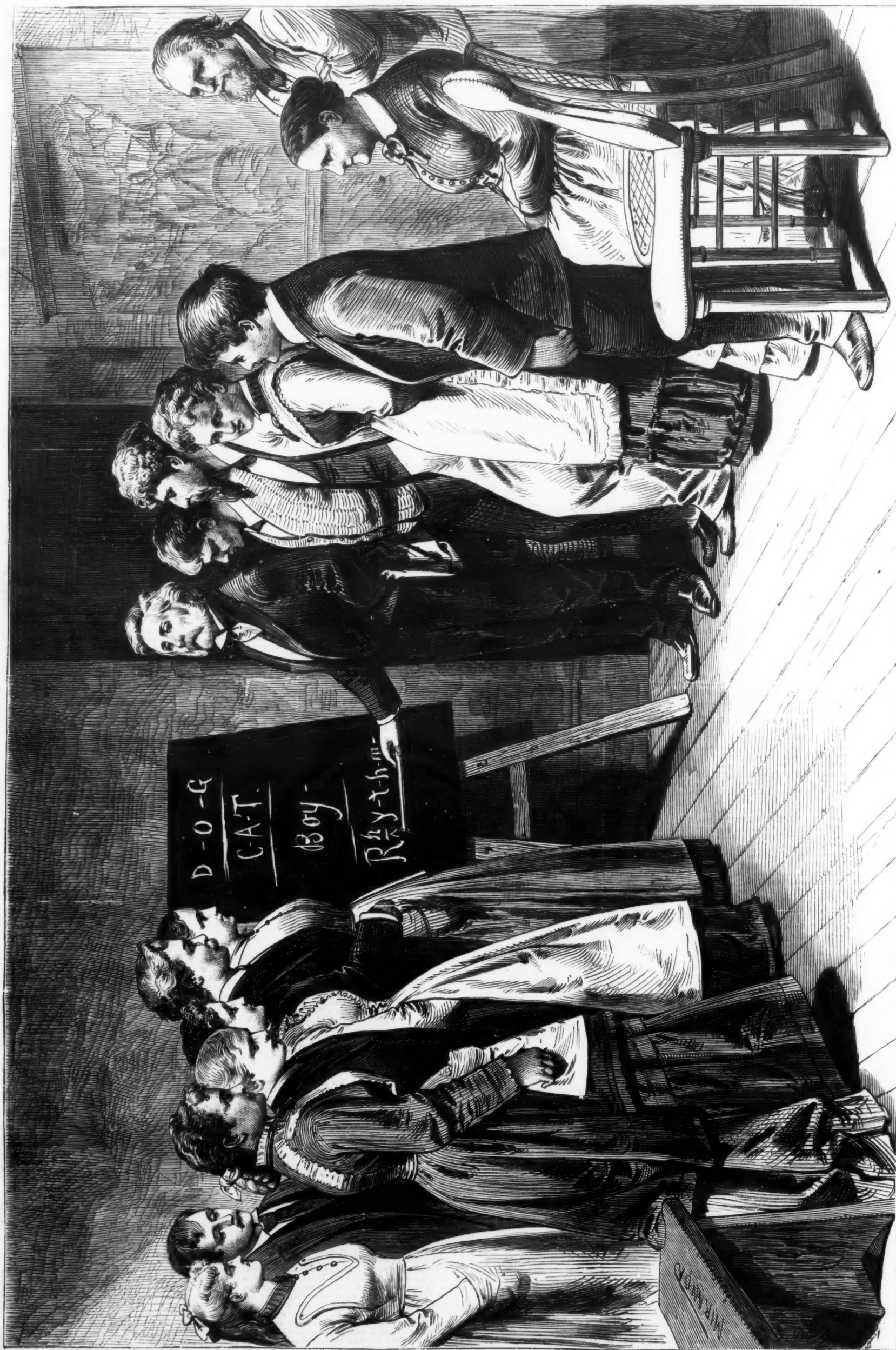
POPE PIUS IX., the two hundred and fifty-seventh Roman pontiff, is the two hundred and fifty-sixth successor of St. Peter. Elected Pope on the 16th of June, and crowned on the 21st of June, 1846, the holy father is in the thirtieth year of his pontificate. Born on the 13th of May, 1792, he is in his eighty-fourth year. The Sacred College at present comprises within it fifty-eight cardinals. The number of patriarchs, primates, archbishops and bishops shows a grand total of one thousand one hundred and three. In the British Empire there are one hundred and twenty-five Catholic prelates.

LIEUTENANT CONDER, R.E., the head of the British Ordnance Survey of Palestine, has delivered a lecture, in which he said that the party under his command had in four years surveyed four-fifths of the 6,000 square miles which constitute Palestine proper, between Dan and Beersheba. The progress of the survey had been arrested by an unprovoked assault from the Mohammedan inhabitants of Safed, in Galilee, in August last, as reported at the time in the newspapers. Every member of the party was wounded, and the expedition would have been entirely cut off but for the arrival of the Turkish troops, for whom the lecturer sent on the commencement of the attack.

THE Italian Government has purchased the Castle of Frederic the Second in Apulia. This has been effected by the Minister of Public Instruction, at the urgent request of the Alpine Club of Naples. Its history may be traced back to the thirteenth century, when the Emperor created out of a castle which belonged to the Norman chief, Robert Guiscard, the magnificent palace now called Castel del Monte. It is octagonal in form, and is covered with marbles extracted from the neighboring mountains. Here Frederic the Second passed his summer months, indulging his passion for falconry; and here his son Manfred spent much of his time. Notwithstanding the state of abandonment in which this monument has been permitted to remain, yet sufficient exists both of the building and the decorations to attest its former magnificence.

THE original register of marriages at Gretna Green is announced for sale, by tender, by a Carlisle firm of solicitors. What a history, or rather biography in brief, of romantic runaway couples! Of what curious revelations is this register the custodian? The Gretna priests evidently once drove a roaring trade. Joseph Paisley, one of their number, is said to have received from Lord Westmoreland, Lord Deerhurst, and Lord Erskine, as much as one hundred guineas for his few minutes' work. His successor, David Lang, also joined not a few scions of noble English families, such as the Villiers, the Beauchamp, and the Coventry. How Lord Dundonald practically carried off the lady of his love to the famous village, is graphically recorded in the autobiography of the gallant seaman, and it was at Gretna, too, that Shelley contracted the unfortunate marriage with his first wife, Harriet Westbrook.





THE PRIMER'S PROGRESS "OUT WEST."—A SPELLING MATCH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MELENDER, CHICAGO.—SEE PAGE 303.





1. "Ticket, General!" 2. "The Thickest of the Fight"—Hessians Surrounded. 3. After the Fray. 4. The Surrender in Greene Street, in Front of the Market.

TRENTON, N. J.—CELEBRATION OF THE NINETY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF TRENTON, DECEMBER 26TH—THE SHAM FIGHT THROUGH THE STREETS OF THE CITY.—FROM SKETCHES BY HARRY OGDEN. SEE PAGE 303.

#### MEDAL PRESENTED TO THE PIERCE LIGHT GUARD, OF BOSTON,

BY THE WASHINGTON GRAYS, PHILADELPHIA.

A n elegant testimonial in the form of a superb military medal has been presented by the Artillery Corps, Washington Grays, of Philadelphia, to the Pierce Light Guards, of Boston, as a token

wreath. At the top of the cross appears the monogram of the Pierce Light Guard in brilliant red, white and blue enamels. On the lower arm of the cross is the monogram of the Grays in red and white enamel. On one of the side-arms of the cross, in bass-relief, appears a stack of muskets and knapsack. Upon the other side, cannon, balls, and sponge.

In addition to the medal is an elegant pin of elaborate and artistic form, from which the medal is suspended when worn. This consists of an appropriate group of military arms and accoutrements, surmounted by an eagle supporting a portrait bust of Washington, in fine gold, surmounted with a laurel wreath of green and gold, the two articles forming a rich and striking combination.

#### THE HON. JOHN F. HOUSE, M. C.

HON. JOHN F. HOUSE, Member of Congress from the Sixth District of Tennessee, is a native of Williamson County, in that State, and is forty-nine years of age. In 1850 he graduated from the Lebanon Law School, and began the practice of law in Clarksville. In 1853 he was elected a member of the State Legislature; in 1860 he was a Presidential Elector, and in 1861 was elected to the Provisional Congress of the Confederate States. He remained with the Confederate Army throughout the war, and was paroled at the surrender at Columbus, Miss.

When the war closed he returned home, and devoted himself to his profession, in which he had rapidly risen to a front place. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1870, and proved not only an active, but a valuable, member, whose views upon more than one subject of importance then pending before that intelligent body were regarded as judicious and wise. His speech favoring the payment of a poll-tax for purposes of public education was not only a splendid specimen of the keen and bitter sarcasm which adds so much pungency and force to his oratorical attacks upon an enemy, but was a magnificent speech, and a great argument in support of the question that has since been agitated more than once upon the political rostrum, and by Porter and Maynard in their lively gubernatorial

canvass. As a lawyer Mr. House is thorough, studious and comprehensive; as an orator he has, perhaps, no superior in Tennessee. He is sarcastic without being insulting; is logical without being tiresome, and combines beauty and simplicity of language with cogent reasoning and lofty sentiment. His oratory is graceful, smooth and winsome. Mr. House is a consistent member of the Methodist Church, and while respected for his purity of char-

acter, he is admired for his brilliancy of intellect and nobleness of purpose.

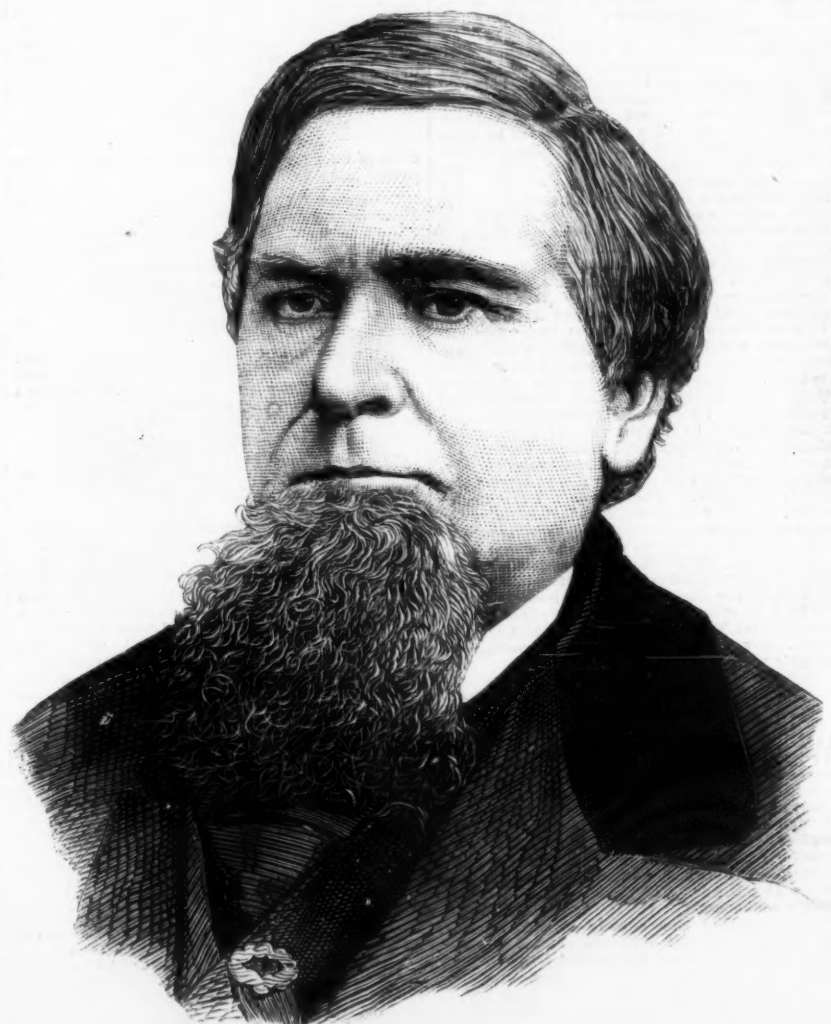
Mr. House is a member of the Committee on Expenditures in the Department of Justice, and will have his hands full when the committee begins the investigation of the pecuniary management of that branch of the Government during Mr. Williams's tenure of office. It is to be hoped that the cost and reasons of the non-prosecution



MILITARY MEDAL PRESENTED BY THE ARTILLERY CORPS, WASHINGTON GRAYS, OF PHILADELPHIA, TO THE PIERCE LIGHT GUARD, OF BOSTON, MASS.

of their appreciation of the courtesies extended them by the latter corps, during the visit of the Grays to Boston, upon the occasion of the Bunker Hill Centennial.

The general form of the testimonial is that of a highly elaborate Maltese cross, enriched and embossed with leaf and scroll-work. The centre contains an accurate representation of the Bunker Hill Monument, wrought in platinum, with an enameled sky as a background, and on either side ships bearing the dates 1775 and 1875, the whole surrounded with a highly wrought and richly enameled



HON. JOHN F. HOUSE, MEMBER OF CONGRESS FROM THE SIXTH DISTRICT, TENNESSEE.—PHOTO. BY C. C. GIBBS



of important cases, as well as the system of compromise with political and mercantile offenders, may be disclosed.

#### THE SPELLING MATCH.

IN that land of homely pleasures known as "the country," spelling matches have long been one of the most cherished Winter institutions, and even the gay inhabitants of the great cities, last year, seeking a new diversion, engaged in these orthographical contests. But they did not flourish in the crowded cities. They lacked the elements that make a good old-fashioned spelling match so thoroughly enjoyable to our country cousins. The sleigh-ride, the "sparking," the meeting of friends, the neighborly gossip, the good-natured rivalry and the generous rivalry were wanting. But little enjoyment can be had from such an entertainment held in a hall crowded with strangers, and there is not much romance in riding home, even with the dearest girl in the world, in a crowded street-car or a rattling stage.

Our picture on page 308 shows a spelling match as conducted in one of our Western towns. It is one of the genuine old-fashioned kind. The mode of conducting it is very simple. Some town magistrate, or well-known village scholar, is selected as director. Then two sides are formed, each under a chosen leader, and ranged in lines facing each other, the wordy combat begins. The director, with book in hand, gives out the words. As long as the contestants spell the words correctly they keep their place in line, but as soon as the master pronounces the fatal word "Next!" the person who has missed steps down and out. Now and then a word will sweep down half a dozen in a row, leaving great gaps in the ranks. This is continued until only one person is left standing, and if he can stand an attack of two or three polysyllabic thunderbolts he is declared the victor; but the battle frequently results in the slaughter of all the forces.

In our picture the director, like a skillful angler, has been playing with his prey with easy words, like "Dog," "Cat," "Boy," but he has already caught one poor gudgeon with the word "rhythm." By the time he gets to such words as "chalybeate," "phylactery," "erysipelas," "logarithmic," "pharmaceutical," etc., we fear there will be but few left standing in the class. Here all are friends, and have all looked forward to this event. The young people on the stage have long been making preparation for it. Dictionaries and spelling-books have been scanned and studied. Delt hands have been engaged in making warm overclothing and tantalizing little hoods. The boys have been overhauling harness, painting up sleighs, and dusting out buffalo-robes. Hannah and Deborah have been wondering whom Stephen will take to spelling-school this Winter, and Stephen has been trying to make up his mind whether it shall be Hannah or Deborah. The night has come and the contest is going on. All seem very sedate and intent on the business on hand, but in a short hour the dessert will come which is better than the meal. Outside, in the clear, cold air, under the star-lit sky, horses and chafing their bits and impatiently pawing the crisp snow. When the school breaks up there will be a bustle of departure; jolly banter mingled with ringing laughter; a tender wrapping-up and careful tucking-in of buffalo robes, cheery good-nights, and then to the merry jingle of sleigh-bells the happy party will speed away. And as bridges are crossed some fair lips will be put to sweeter use than spelling breakneck words.

From the New York Tribune.

#### A WANT SUPPLIED.

THE American mind is active. It has given us books of fiction for the sentimentalists, learned books for the scholar and professional student, but few books for the people. A book for the people must relate to a subject of universal interest. Such a subject is the physical man, and such a book, "THE PEOPLE'S COMMON SENSE MEDICAL ADVISER," a copy of which has been recently laid on our table. The high professional attainments of its author—Dr. R. V. PRINCE, of Buffalo, N. Y.—and the advantages derived by him from an extensive practice, would alone insure for his work a cordial reception. But these are not the merits for which it claims our attention. The author is a man of the people. He sympathizes with them in all their afflictions, efforts, and attainments. He perceives their want—a knowledge of themselves—and believing that all truth should be made as universal as God's own sunlight, from his fund of learning and experience he has produced a work in which he gives them the benefit of his labors. In it he considers man in every phase of his existence, from the moment he emerges "from a rayless atom, too diminutive for the sight, until he gradually evolves to the maturity of those Conscious Powers, the exercise of which furnishes subjective evidence of our immortality." Proceeding upon the theory that every fact of mind has a physical antecedent, he has given an admirable treatise on Cerebral Physiology, and shown the bearings of the facts thus established upon individual and social welfare. The author believes with Spencer, that "as vigorous health and its accompanying high spirits are larger elements of happiness than any other things whatever, the teaching how to maintain them is a teaching that yields to no other whatever," and accordingly has introduced an extensive discussion of the methods by which we may preserve the integrity of the system and oftentimes prevent the onset of disease. Domestic Remedies—their preparation, uses, and effects—form a prominent feature of the work. The hygienic treatment or nursing of the sick is an important subject, and receives attention commensurate with its importance. Nearly all diseases "to which flesh is heir" are described, their symptoms and causes explained, and proper domestic treatment suggested. To reciprocate the many favors bestowed upon him by a generous public, the author offers his book at a price (\$1.50) little exceeding the cost of publication. Our readers can obtain this practical and valuable work by addressing the author.

#### THE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM.

WHILE we are in all parts of the country preparing to celebrate the Centennial of American Independence, it will be well to bear in mind the principal battles by which that independence was achieved. The following will be found to comprise all the battles that took place in the fight for freedom. They began April 19th, 1775. They closed October 19th, 1781—six years and six months. The British sent 134,000 soldiers and sailors to this war. The Colonists met them with 230,000 Continentals, and 50,000 militia. The British let loose Indians and equally savage Hessians. The colonies had for their allies the brave and courteous Frenchmen. The leading battles of the war, those particularly worthy of celebration, are Concord and Lexington, Bunker Hill, Long Island, White Plains, Trenton, Princeton, Bennington, Sar-

toga, Monmouth, King's Mountain, Cowpens, Eutaw Springs, Yorktown. These are of national interest. Many of the others are especially local. The disposition is to celebrate them all—victories and defeats—to recall the deeds of our ancestors, and have a good time generally. Our readers will do well to preserve the following list of Revolutionary battles:

Lexington (first skirmish).....	April 19, 1775
Ticonderoga.....	May 10, 1775
Bunker Hill.....	June 17, 1775
Montreal (Etham Allen taken).....	Sept. 26, 1775
St. John's besieged and captured.....	Nov. 3, 1775
Great Bridge, Va.....	Dec. 9, 1775
Quebec (Montgomery killed).....	Dec. 31, 1775
Moore's Creek Bridge.....	Feb. 27, 1776
Boston (British fled).....	March 17, 1776
Fort Sullivan, Charleston.....	June 28, 1776
Long Island.....	Aug. 27, 1776
Harlem Plains.....	Sept. 16, 1776
White Plains.....	Oct. 28, 1776
Fort Washington.....	Nov. 16, 1776
Trenton.....	Dec. 27, 1776
Princeton.....	Jan. 3, 1777
Hubertown.....	July 7, 1777
Bennington.....	Aug. 16, 1777
Brandywine.....	Sept. 11, 1777
First Battle of Bemis Heights, Saratoga.....	Sept. 19, 1777
Paoli.....	Sept. 20, 1777
Germantown.....	Oct. 4, 1777
Forts Clinton and Montgomery taken.....	Oct. 6, 1777
Second Battle at Bemis Heights, Saratoga.....	Oct. 7, 1777
Surrender of Burgoyne.....	Oct. 13, 1777
Fort Mercer.....	Oct. 22, 1777
Fort Mifflin.....	Nov. 17, 1777
Monmouth.....	June 28, 1778
Wyomung.....	July 4, 1778
Quaker Hill, R. I.....	Aug. 29, 1778
Savannah.....	Dec. 29, 1778
Kettle Creek.....	Feb. 14, 1779
Brier Creek.....	March 3, 1779
Stony Ferry.....	June 20, 1779
Stony Point.....	July 16, 1779
Paulus Hook.....	Aug. 18, 1779
Savannah.....	Aug. 9, 1779
Chemung (Indians).....	Aug. 29, 1779
Charleston surrendered to British.....	May 12, 1780
Springfield.....	June 28, 1780
Rocky Mount.....	July 30, 1780
Ranging Rock.....	Aug. 6, 1780
Sander's Creek, near Camden.....	Aug. 16, 1780
King's Mountain.....	Oct. 7, 1780
Fish Dam Ford, Broad River.....	Nov. 18, 1780
Blackstocks.....	Nov. 20, 1780
Cowpens.....	Jan. 17, 1781
Guilboro.....	March 15, 1781
Hobkirk's Hill.....	April 25, 1781
Ninety-six (besieged).....	May and June, 1781
Augusta (besieged).....	May and June, 1781
Jamestown.....	July 9, 1781
Eutaw Springs.....	Sept. 8, 1781
Yorktown (Cornwallis surrendered).....	Oct. 19, 1781

#### FUN.

A ROUND-SHOULDERED, inquisitive man kicked what he thought was an ornamental dog lying on a step, to see if it was hollow. It wasn't an ornamental dog, and it wasn't hollow, but was there on business, and the inquisitive man is now rusticated with his aunt till his leg gets well.

"DAN," said a young four-year-old, "give me a sixpence to buy a monkey." "We have got one monkey in the house now," replied the older brother. "Who is it, Dan?" asked the little fellow. "You," was the reply. "Then give me sixpence to buy the monkey some nuts." The brother could not resist.

"SPEAKING of bathing," said Mrs. Partington, from the steam that arose from her tea, as a veil to her blushes, when touching upon so delicate a subject, "some can bathe with perfect impunity in water as cold as Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strands; but, for my part, I prefer to have the water a little tepid."

A YOUTHFUL clergyman who recently went forth to enlighten the ignorant, while dealing with the parable of the prodigal son, was anxious to show how dearly the parent loved his child. Drawing himself together, and putting on his most sober look, he dilated on the killing of the fatted calf. The climax was as follows: "I shouldn't wonder if the father had kept that calf for years, awaiting the return of his son."

This man was seated in front of the old-fashioned fireplace, warming the sole of his left foot. An old darkey went to warm, and as he turned to go out he met another shivering big coming in. "Needn't go dar to warm, Jim." "Why so?" "Kase dat man from Cincinnati done hiated his foot and kivered up the fire." "Sides dat, it's gwine to take de mos' o' de day for him to git dat foot warm enough to set it on de ground." And they went off.

MARY had a little lamp,  
'Twas filled with kerosene;  
Mary down the chimney blew,  
And vanished from the scene.

Gone to meet her brother who sat down on a keg of powder to smoke.

THE REASON FOR QUOL.—First Foreigner—"Tell me, Alphonse, why call they ships-of-war a fleet?" Second F.—"I know not, my friend; but to my pocket dictionary I will refer." (Refers.) First F.—"Have you it?" Ah, yes! "To fleet." Read to me what it says." Second F. (reading).—"To fleet—to pass away quickly, to disappear." First F.—"Ah, now I understand it quite well. Truly these English-speaking people are in their terms appropriate."

At a recent banquet given at the Grand Hotel, Paris, to the performers in the successful piece, "The Tour of the World in Eighty Days," after its performance for a whole consecutive year, a large elephant—a very important member of the troupe—covered with a magnificent red velvet cloth, made its appearance when dessert was served, and, passing round behind the guests seated at table, assisted itself by means of its trunk to the various cakes, fruits, and other delicacies which took its fancy.

SOMEbody asked a German what he was doing. "Vell," he replied, "shoot now I am doing noddings, but I have made arrangements to go into pizness." "Glad to hear it. What are you going into?" "Vell, I goes into partnership mit a man." "Do you furnish much capital?" "No, I doesn't put in no capital." "Don't want to risk it, eh?" "No, but I puts in de experience." "And he puts in the capital?" "Yea, dot is it. We goes into pizness for three years; he puts in de capital, I put in de experience. At de end of de three years I will have de capital and he will have de experience!"

THE Vicksburg boy can stand up with any other boy in the world against an accusation. The other day, when a Vicksburg mother discovered sugar on the pantry-shelf she called her boy, and said: "Some one has been stealing this sugar." "Is it possible!" he exclaimed, rolling up his eyes in astonishment. "Yea, it is possible; and the thief is not far away, either." "Ain't he? Do you suspect father?" "No, I don't." "Couldn't be the cat, could it?" he inquired, glancing under the table in search of the feline. "Cats don't eat sugar, young man." "They don't?" "No, sir; the thief is a boy about your size." "He is, eh? I'd just like to catch him in here once!" "If this sugar is disturbed again," she said, as she covered the box, "I know of a boy who'll get his jacket dusted." "That's bully! I wish you'd let me stay out of school so's to see you catch and maul him." And he went out to devour the other lumps.

FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS—THE MEANS BY WHICH EVERY LADY MAY BECOME HER OWN DRESS-MAKER.—Our new Catalogue of Fall and Winter Fashions is now ready, and contains a rare and beautiful selection of the latest and most acceptable designs for every department of Ladies', Misses', Children's and Youths' garments, which will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp, post free. Address, "FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S JOURNAL CUT PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT, 298 Broadway, New York City." Also, our large and complete Catalogue, neatly printed on tinted paper, and containing over one hundred pages of illustrated fashions, may be procured at any of our agencies, or at the above address. Price, for paper covers, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents, post-paid. Our handsome Fashion-plate, which is also at hand, reproduces the most elegant Ladies' and Children's costumes for the coming season. Every dressmaker and milliner should avail herself of this splendid opportunity to obtain a truthful and correct idea of the most practical styles, and also of the prevailing shades and colors. Will be mailed to any address for 50 cents in black, and \$1 if colored.

Address, or call after 9 A. M. on SHIPMAN & CO., 309 Broadway, New York, if you want to get a new staple article to sell to families and the trade in every city.

Dressmaking Made Easy.—By the use of our Patterns, which may be selected from our Winter Supplement now ready for distribution, including late and fashionable designs, in addition to those represented in our Fall Catalogue for Ladies', Misses' and Children's Wardrobes. Send for Catalogue and Supplement, which can be obtained by enclosing a three-cent postage stamp to FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S JOURNAL CUT PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT, 298 Broadway, N. Y. All orders for patterns must be sent to the same address.

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts.—The superiority of these extracts consists in their perfect purity and great strength. They are warranted free from the poisonous oils and acids which enter into the composition of many of the factitious fruit flavors now in the market.

Messrs. E. & H. T. Anthony & Co. offer the cheapest possible rates to parties desiring the enjoyment of foreign travel. In their collection of photographs and stereoscopic views, selected expressly for the holiday season, one obtains delightful glimpses of the most favored spots of Great Britain and the Continent. The student of scientific progress feasts his eyes with the last revelations of patient toilers, the wonders and mysteries of the Orient are exposed, and the curiosities of nature, the chef d'œuvres of art, the dazzlings of city life, the sturdy and dreamy oddities of pastoral haunts, are brought so fully en rapport as to very nearly convince one of actual presence in the scenes disclosed. Then, too, there are thousands of charming landscapes, bright pictures of life, types of society, phenomena of nature, illustrating places which, although in our very midst, are so seldom seen as to possess all the attractions of novelties. It is impossible to make a more delightful journey through our own and foreign States than that upon which the Anthonys will act as cicerones; and the expense will hardly exceed that of a trip to Washington by the usual routes.

Magic Lantern and 100 Slides for \$100. E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., 591 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel. Chromos and Frames, Stereoscopes and Views, Graphoscopes, Megaloscopes, Albums and Photographs of Celebrities. Photo-Lantern Slides a specialty. Manufacturers of Photographic Materials. Awarded First Premium at Vienna Exposition.

The Rule of "No Cure No Pay," the oldest and best hernia surgeons in the world, the only lady surgeon on earth skilled in the cure of Rupture, the only elastic truss worthy of the name, free examination and advice, are some of the advantages offered by the Triumph Truss Company, No. 334 Bowery, N. Y. Send for descriptive pamphlet.

The Big Bonanza.—50 Slide-splitting Pictures, 1 Magic Whistle, 1 Pack Magic Cards, the Matrimonial Programme, 1 Pack Transparent Visiting Cards, 1 Pack Raymond Cards, 1 Vanishing Carte de Visite. The lot in 1 Package all for only 25 cents. W. L. CRAWFORD, 65 Nassau Street, New York City. Box 3676, P. O.

Druggists say that the sale of Dick's Tasteless Medicines is increasing rapidly.

Change of Address.—POND'S EXTRACT.—This wonderful healing Pain Destroyer seems likely to acquire equal popularity in Europe to that it has already won in America. So rapidly are sales increasing, that new and extensive premises have just been taken at 482 Oxford Street, London, where every convenience is now provided for the immense demand.

Sufferers from Nervous Disorders, who have tried in vain every advertised remedy, will learn of a Simple Cure by addressing, Box 2296, New York.

If Everybody would wear one of Singer's Graduated Chest and Lungs Protectors there would be fewer coughs and colds, and fewer doctors' bills to pay. These protectors shield the parts most susceptible to damp and chilly air, and one of their chief virtues is, that being graduated, each one may be made thick or thin, according to the weather or the season.

The Rogers Upright Piano Co., in their spacious and handsome warehouses, next to the Globe Theatre, still continue to prove a nucleus of attraction to visitors, as they long have to the citizens of Boston and vicinity, on account of the beauty, tone and general superiority of their justly celebrated instruments. The rapidity with which the pianos have augmented in popularity is simply wonderful, and yet scarcely so when the great and vital improvements upon which they are constructed are duly considered. The fact that they will stand in tune is fully established, and a glance at the patent tuning arrangement is enough to convince anyone on that point. The tone is all that can be desired, the patent action a marvel of simplicity, and as effective as it is simple, and actually beyond the possibility of getting out of order to any extent. Those interested should call and see how the great obstacles heretofore in the way of making upright pianos have been entirely overcome. As these improvements are patented, they can be seen only in the Rogers Upright Pianos.

A New Principle!—A new way of curing Consumption, all Throat and Lung Diseases, Dr. J. H. McLean's Cough and Lung Healing Globules. Trial Samples Free at Dr. J. H. McLean's office, 314 Chestnut Street, St. Louis, Mo. Trial Boxes, 25 cents; and sent by mail.

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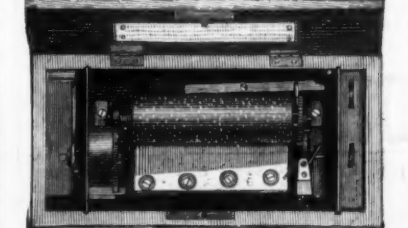
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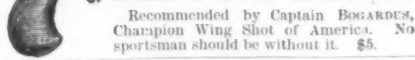
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PIERCECOT, Ind., March 17, 1874.

Dr. S. B. Collins, La Porte, Ind.: I used 360 grains of Opium per month; have been cured since July, 1873.

DR. W. HAYES.

GRAYVILLE, Ill., Oct. 20, 1873.

Dr. S. B. Collins, La Porte, Ind.: I used 1800 grains of Opium per month; have been cured since September, 1873.

THOMAS & FANNY MOSS.

ROCKFORD, Ind., May 12, 1871.

Dr. S. B. Collins, La Porte, Ind.: I used 288 grains of Opium per month; have been cured since March, 1871.

JOHN J. PATTERSON, M.D.

Dr. S. B. Collins, La Porte, Ind.: I used 1920 grains of Opium per month; have been cured since July, 1872.

JOHN MC LAIR.

PIERCECOT, Ind., Nov. 7, 1872.

Dr. S. B. Collins, La Porte, Ind.: I used 1020 grains of Opium per month; have been cured since September, 1872.

ROBERT MCNEIL.

BOSTON, Mo., Nov. 11, 1872.

Dr. S. B. Collins, La Porte, Ind.: I used 840 grains of Opium per month; have been cured since July, 1872.

JOHN DONALDSON.

JACKSONVILLE, Ill., Nov. 20, 1872.

Dr. S. B. Collins, La Porte, Ind.: I used 840 grains of Opium per month; have been cured since July, 1872.

S. P. GUIN.

PROPHETSTOWN, Ill., Dec. 5, 1872.

Dr. S. B. Collins, La Porte, Ind.: I used 840 grains of Opium per month; have been cured since August, 1872.

WM. SANDERSON.

MRS. B. P. SANDERSON.

SHELBYVILLE, Ind., Jan. 27, 1873.

Dr. S. B. Collins, La Porte, Ind.: I used 480 grains of Opium per month; have been cured since July, 1872.

T. M. ESDICOTT.

BRAYTONVILLE, North Adams Co., Mass., March 2, 1873.

Dr. S. B. Collins, La Porte, Ind.: I used 960 grains of Opium per month; have been cured since October, 1872.

JOSEPH COOPER.

La Porte, Ind., March 5, 1873.

Dr. S. B. Collins, La Porte, Ind.: I used 840 grains of Opium per month; have been cured since December, 1868.

A. P. ANDREW, JR.